

THE CRITIC.

NOTICE.

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TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

By the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A., Author of the "Life and Reign of William the Fourth." London, 1844. Fisher, Son, and Co.

ALTHOUGH this portly volume was received at the latest moment, just as we were going to press, the subject of it possesses such immediate interest for our readers that we postpone other articles in type to make way for it.

But the space we give to it is measured more by the importance with which accidental circumstances have surrounded it at the present moment, than by the intrinsic merit of the volume as a literary work. To the character of History it can lay no claim; it is, in truth, nothing more than a memoir made out of the most accessible materials, and written in a light and lively strain, little discrimination being employed in apportioning to events their relative values, with not unfrequently a too manifest endeavour to give to trifles an undue importance by swelling sentences and accumulations of epithets.

But these are defects almost inseparable from the form in which this work first made its appearance, for it was, if we mistake not, originally published some years ago in monthly or weekly numbers, and it is reproduced now with the story brought down to the visit of the QUEEN to the shores of France. Of course, the object of such a publication was temporary popularity, and a light and pleasant narrative was the utmost to which Mr. WRIGHT aspired. This he has certainly succeeded in producing, and the result of his labour is a pleasant and readable book, which it would be unfair to criticize severely, and, therefore, with this salvo, we proceed at once to present an outline of its contents, and some of its most amusing passages.

VOL. II. No. 19.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I. No. 5.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, King of the French, was the son of the Duke of ORLEANS, better known by his *soi-disant* title of *Egalité*, and MARIE THERESE LOUISE DE SAVOIX CAREGNAN, only daughter of the wealthy Duke of PENTHIEVRE. He was born in the year 1773. While he was yet young his parents parted, in consequence of the influence acquired over the Duke by the famous Madame de GENLIS, who was permitted to usurp the place of the wife, if not in his affections, in the control of his actions and the care of his family.

It is probable that the rule of such a powerful mind as that of their vice-mother was beneficial to the children. Her educational plans were remarkable for their bold defiance of established notions:—

"Madame Genlis adopted the idea from that great master, Aristotle, who lays it down as an important principle, that if the infant mind be formed by the ablest teachers, it will be difficult to distort it at a maturer age; and that ignoble impressions made at the same period can hardly ever be obliterated. It was decided on, therefore, that in preference to the employment of an under-governess, until the princesses should have attained the ages of ten or twelve, they were at once to be intrusted to the management of this female Aristotle, and she was to possess the entire control of their future fortunes."

When LOUIS PHILIPPE had attained his eighth year, it was necessary to find a tutor. Madame de GENLIS was consulted. She named two or three; but the Duke objected; she then said, "What do you think of me?" "Why not?" replied he, seriously. She protested that she had spoken in jest; but he was in earnest. The lady seized the idea, and suggested her plans, and the Duke said, "The thing is decided, you must be their tutor." BONNARD and the Abbé GUZOT were then appointed as ushers or assistant tutors, but Madame de GENLIS was installed as absolute directress of their education. When the people about the court heard of this novel arrangement they scoffed at it, and even complained that it was an invasion of the privileges of the noblesse. But the result has fully justified the wisdom of the decision.

In infancy LOUIS PHILIPPE is said to have displayed an ardent love of liberty. Being once on a visit at Spa, a fête was given on the hill of Franchemont, on the summit of which was a castle, used as a prison for poor debtors. The boy exclaimed to the party, "that to him the landscape did not appear at all gay or happy, while there were prisoners in the castle," and immediately raised a subscription for their release.

Many instances of his youthful generosity are related by Mr. WRIGHT. He frequently gave all his pocket-money for the relief of the distressed; and in her diary of the time his governess thus speaks of him:—

"The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the last year. He was born with good inclinations; he is now become intelligent and virtuous. He has none of the frivolity of his age: he sincerely disdains the puerilities which occupy the pursuits of so many young men—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, trifles of all kinds, the rage for following novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare, and is, consequently, truly noble; lastly, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

As the Duke de CHARTRES (the title he then held) grew towards manhood, he was initiated by his father into the revolutionary schemes, and taught the dangerous doctrines in which he was himself so deeply involved. In this he was seconded by the governess, who rejoiced at the destruction of the Bastille, and the succession of anarchical events, which she, in common with all the foremost minds of the age, fondly believed were the commencement of the reign of rational liberty.

The young duke did not, however, share the excesses of the political societies to which his father had introduced him. He attended their meetings but took no

part in their counsels, although he was subsequently compelled to endure the punishment of their misdeeds. But he was so much an admirer of the popular doctrines of the day, that, seeing his name enrolled upon the register of the National Guards with all his titles, he with his own hand struck them out and substituted "Citizen of Paris."

On the 20th of Nov. 1785 he was appointed Proprietary-Colonel of the 14th regiment of dragoons, and immediately proceeded to Vendôme, where he devoted himself with zeal to the duties of his profession. He won the love of all his men by his kindness and noble familiarity; he was a strict observer of discipline himself, and enforced it upon others. Here he distinguished himself by two generous actions. At the risk of his own life he saved two non-juring priests from the fury of the populace, whose religious feelings they had insulted, throwing himself before the presented muskets, and afterwards snatching from a deep pool, where he was on the point of being drowned, an engineer named SICAT. When all beside hesitated, the Duke plunged into the water and dragged the sinking wretch to the bank. For this heroic act he received the public thanks of the municipality.

In 1792, the Duke de CHARTRES entered upon his first campaign in the army under the command of DUMOURIEZ. He was prominent in the affair of Valmy, and in the despatch he was noticed as among those who had displayed signal courage. At the age of nineteen, he commanded the left wing of the French army at the battle of Gemappes, and again distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. Again, at Anderlacht, at Tirlemont, and at Varoux, he reaped a harvest of laurels.

Having obtained leave of absence, he went to visit his sister, and whilst there the decree was proclaimed, commanding all the members of the Bourbon family to quit the territories of France. But an exception was made in favour of the princes of Orleans and then the Duke returned to the army. He was present at the battle of Nerwinde and by his valour saved the army from destruction; but the defeat was a signal one, and as that was never forgiven by the Directory, the Duke and the General DUMOURIEZ, on receipt of a summons to the Committee of Public Safety, at Paris, saw that their deaths were resolved upon and took flight from the French territory.

At Frankfort he read in the papers of the arrest of his father and brothers.

Thence he proceeded to Zurich, but after awhile he found he was not safe even there, and, with his sister, he went to Zug, where he took a house on the banks of the lake, passing for an Irish family. For a month they enjoyed tranquillity there, when unfortunately he was recognized by some exiles, and the magistrates, fearing for themselves, requested him to quit the place.

He was now compelled to separate from his sister, who obtained admission into the convent of Sainte Clair, near Bremgarten. Without money and without friends, the Duke set forth on his wanderings in search of safety. At Basle he sold all his horses save one, and would have dismissed his servant BAUDOUIN, but that the faithful creature would not quit him, and though suffering from severe indisposition, insisted on sharing his toils and his fate.

"The illustrious outlaw now quitted Basle on foot, leading by the hand the only horse which he had retained, and on which the humble but faithful companion of his exile was mounted.

"The peasants, astonished to see such affectionate care bestowed by a master upon the suffering moments of his servant, stopped as he passed, uncovered their heads as a testimony of respect, as an acknowledgment of that veneration which such virtuous conduct could not fail to inspire, although so conformable to the duties of humanity."

Many anecdotes of his wanderings are told by Mr. WRIGHT. Here is one:—

"During one of his adventurous excursions in the Alps, attended by the faithful Baudouin, he presented himself at the hospitiun of Saint Gothard; it was on the 29th of August, in the year 1793. Having rung the bell gently, a Capuchin friar appeared at the casement, and said in Italian, 'Che volete?'—'What do you wish?' 'I request,' replied the Duke of Orleans, 'some nourishment for my companion and myself.' 'My good young men, we do not admit foot-passengers here, particularly of your description.' 'But, reverend father, we will pay whatever you demand.' 'No, no, that little inn there is good enough for you,' added the Capuchin, pointing to a poor shed where some muleteers were partaking of Alpine cheese, and closed the window."

He now received a welcome letter. It offered him the post of Professor at the College of Reichenau.

"The prince had attained his 22nd year when he was admitted at Reichenau, in the month of October, 1793; he had previously submitted to the most rigid examination, presenting himself under the name of Chabaud, without being recognized by any save M. Aloyse Jost himself, or exciting the least suspicion as to his real character; and he continued to teach geography, history, the French and English languages, together with mathematics, for the space of eight months. He not only succeeded in the discharge of his academic duties, but had the good fortune to inspire the inhabitants of Reichenau with such a high esteem for his virtues and abilities that they appointed him their deputy to the assembly of Coire."

While here, the news reached him of his father's tragic fate. To relieve his affliction he sought a change of scene. He remained for some time at Bremgarten under the assumed name of CORBY, leading a most frugal life under the roof of M. DE MONTESQUIOU. But fearing that his being sheltered there might prove fatal to his friend, he repaired to Hamburg, and thence he wandered through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, preserving, however, a strict incognito. On the 24th of August, 1795, he reached the North Cape, and stood within eighteen degrees of the Arctic pole.

He crossed Lapland, traversed a part of Finland, and thence proceeded to Stockholm. Here he was recognized by the French envoy, and warmly welcomed by the king.

The Directory were unceasing in their efforts to discover his retreat, and every vile art was practised to entrap him. His mother was in prison, and her release was offered on condition that he would quit Europe.

He consented, and embarked for the United States. His letter to his parent on the occasion of his departure is worth transcribing.

"When my beloved mother shall have received this letter, her commands will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for America; I shall embark in the first vessel destined for the United States. And what would I not do in return for the letter I have just received? I no longer think that happiness is lost to me, while I have it in my power to alleviate the sorrows of a cherished mother, whose situation and sufferings have almost rent my heart for a length of time."

"That I shall soon again embrace my brothers, and shall be again united to them, appears like the phantom of a dream, for I am reduced to such a state of mind that I can scarcely believe that to be a fact, the contrary of which had always appeared to me impossible. Still I do not complain of my destiny, but rather think how much more miserable it might have been; nor should I even call it unfortunate, if, after having found my long-lost brothers, and heard that our dear mother is as well as she can be supposed to be, if after that I can once more have an opportunity to serve my country, by contributing to its tranquillity and happiness. There is no sacrifice I would not endure for such a purpose; and as long as I live, there will not be any that I shall not be prepared to make for it."

He reached the American coast on the 24th September, and proceeded to Philadelphia.

Here he was joined by his brothers, who had been im-

prisoned, and after a long series of romantic adventure, admirably related by Mr. WRIGHT, had succeeded in procuring their liberation, and immediately hastened to him.

They travelled together about the States, and many anecdotes are told of the incidents that befel them in these excursions. The whole of this portion of the volume we commend to the particular attention of our readers; it has the interest of a romance. Among other curious occurrences the Duke played the part of surgeon, and bled an Indian in his wig-wam, and as a reward "was permitted to pass the night upon the family mat, between the grandmother and grand-aunt, the highest honour ever conferred by that tribe upon an individual of any age or colour."

From the United States the brothers passed to Havannah, but found only insult and persecution. This determined them to go to England.

They arrived at Falmouth in February, 1810, and were well received. A house was taken at Twickenham, and there they lived as private gentlemen, but moving in the best society. LOUIS PHILIPPE, in this retreat, mainly devoted himself to study.

But his tranquillity was disturbed by the declining health of his brothers, to whom he was attached by the tenderest ties of affection. He had shortly to mourn their death, and then he went abroad for a change of scene. He visited Sicily, was introduced to the Princess AMELIA, the King's second daughter, and fell in love with her; but her mother made it a condition of the alliance that he should join the Quixotic enterprise of her son LEOPOLD upon the throne of Spain. The expedition failed; but it afforded to the Duke another opportunity of exhibiting his extraordinary administrative faculties.

The failure exasperated the QUEEN OF NAPLES, who now endeavoured to break off the match. But the Duke hastened to Palermo to face his enemies. He succeeded in vindicating himself, and on the 25th of Nov. 1809 he received in marriage the object of his affections.

He had left a good reputation behind him in Spain, for in May he was invited by the patriots there to head their movement. Thither he went, but he could do nothing, and was ordered by the Cortes to quit the country in twenty-four hours. He returned to Palermo, where he lived till the fall of NAPOLEON in 1814, when, after an expatriation of twenty years, he proceeded to Paris.

"The Duke's first care, on his return to Paris, was to pay a stolen visit to the home of his fathers. The porters, who still continued to wear the Imperial livery, were with difficulty induced to permit a stranger, and clad also in the costume of Sicily, to penetrate the innermost apartments of the palace; but the earnestness with which he pursued his survey left them little leisure to question him as to his objects. As he approached the grand staircase, the recollections of his boyhood, the lustre of his ancient race, the agonies of mind he had endured since he last beheld that spot, and gratitude to that Providence which had spared him amidst such universal ruin, completely overwhelmed him, and, falling prostrate on the tessellated pavement, he imprinted a thousand kisses on the cold white marble, while tears gushing from his eyes indicated, while they relieved, the emotions with which he contended. The attendants of the palace looked on this scene of fervent feeling with surprise, some imagining that it was the workings of frenzy or of folly; but on being informed that it was the long-exiled and sole surviving son of Egalité—the Ulysses of modern ages—whom they beheld entering the palace of his fathers after his wanderings over Europe and America, pity was superseded by admiration."

In spite of his characteristic caution, his life here was one of constant uneasiness. He was watched with suspicion and jealousy, and on the return of BUONAPARTE he again quitted France and retired once more to the shades of Twickenham.

The battle of Waterloo and the restoration of the BOURBONS recalled the Duke of ORLEANS to Paris. But he was out of favour with the King, who dreaded both his abilities and his popularity. A sort of instinct seemed to indicate to him a rival. But the Duke used no efforts to secure for himself any undue proportion of public regard. He lived a retired life, and engaged more in science than in politics.

The result is within the recollection of most of our readers. The unhappy ordinances produced the Revolution of the three days; on the flight of the King, the Duke of ORLEANS was unanimously appointed "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom." On the 31st of July, the Chamber of Deputies proffered to him the crown of France, which he accepted, and with what ability he has worn it will better be discussed by the future historian than by a contemporary journalist.

PHILOSOPHY.

Contributions, Literary and Philosophical, to the Eclectic Review. By JOHN FOSTER, Author of "Essays on Decision of Character," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Ward and Co.

JOHN FOSTER is best known to the reading world as the author of some *Essays on Decision of Character*, which have taken a permanent place in the religious library. Certainly they were remarkable productions, characterized by rare depth of thought and power of expression. The philosopher might combat much of his argument, but only by disputing his premises, for so well trained were his reasoning faculties, that he rarely or never erred in the correct deduction of his conclusions.

But there were other merits in Mr. FOSTER's compositions which fitted them for extensive popularity. He possessed that still more useful talent which enables a man to make his own profoundest thoughts readily intelligible to others. His are entirely within reach of the humblest capacities, while the loftiest intellect can read them with pleasure and profit. Another charm they have in this, that they are eminently practical, treating of subjects that interest every person, placing common things in uncommon aspects, and bringing out clearly truths which before we had only perceived dimly and indistinctly. His was a mind in robust health, invigorated by severe training, not wanting in imagination, but so controlled by reason that his fancy served only to throw a graceful but transparent robe over the naked truth; strong common sense was with him rather an instinct than an effort of the will, and it was the characteristic of his mind instantly to take the just view of whatever subject was presented to its contemplation.

The *Eclectic Review*, from which the essays contained in these volumes were extracted, has been for many years the organ of the Nonconformists, or rather of that section of Dissenters who maintain in their purity the principles of Dissent. To this periodical Mr. FOSTER was a frequent contributor from the year 1806 to the year 1839, when failing health compelled him to abandon the exciting labours of composition. During this long period he supplied to its pages no less than 185 articles, most of them of considerable magnitude, and all written with great care: from them his editor has selected fifty-nine of the most interesting, for the permanent value of their topics or as the best specimens of his genius, and thus collected they become a valuable addition to the library.

The subjects handled in these fifty-nine papers are very various. History, politics, biography, religion, voyages and travels, are reviewed in turn, and each one is made the medium for the diffusion of the reviewer's original thoughts, suggested as he went along by the book upon the table. But Mr. FOSTER did not, therefore, adopt the modern practice of making the name of a re-

view a pretence and passport for an essay by the reviewer, in which the book is the only thing omitted to be discoursed upon; authors with him were not used merely as pegs upon which he might hang his own authorcraft; his reviews were really reviews; the book was the theme, of which he never lost sight, although he threw around it the coruscations of his own genius, and so not unfrequently made the commentary more interesting and instructive than the text.

This strict adherence to his duty as a critic, while it added to the temporary, materially detracts from the permanent, value of his essays. For the same reason, they will not bear comparison with the similar collections which have lately appeared of the reviews of MACAULEY, JEFFERY, and SIDNEY SMITH. These three brilliant contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* more frequently indulged in essay than in criticism; their papers are independent of time and place; they might have appeared anywhere, and many of them at any age; and they may be read with as much advantage, and prove as attractive now, as at the moment when they first dazzled and delighted the world. It is for this reason probably that Mr. RYLAND has thought fit to take so few of the many of FOSTER's contributions, and we may compliment him upon the good taste which has guided his choice.

There is one peculiarity running throughout these essays, which requires to be noticed. Whatever his topic, whether politics, or philosophy, or biography, the reviewer applies to it the test of religion. This would give to them inestimable value if he had entertained religion in its largest signification. But FOSTER was essentially a *sectarian*, and his sectarianism coloured and distorted all his views. He would see nothing but as a Presbyterian; of that Christianity which is larger than any *ism*, because it embraces within it all *isms*, he had but rare and partial glimpses. This narrowness in one direction of a mind so large, liberal, and wide-seeing in every other, is melancholy proof of the power of early prejudice to swaddle and warp the most gifted intellects, and should be a warning to teachers rather than instruct the child how to seek truth for himself than to instil into him as universal truth the peculiar notions of the teacher.

With this reservation he is, as a critic, highly to be commended. In extent of information he appears always to have been superior to the author he was reviewing; fairness and candour distinguish his decisions when his sectarianism is not roused; he is merciful beyond the custom of critics; he praises with heartiness and condemns with evident pain. But whether in praise or censure, a stern sense of duty obviously governs his judgments.

In one branch of the reviewer's art he especially excels. He possessed in a remarkable degree the useful faculty of compression. Within the compass of a review he could present the pith of a volume, without reducing his notice to a dry abstract of dates and names. With wonderful felicity he caught the spirit of a book, and reproduced it in his own words, so that the ordinary reader was enabled to glean from his narrative all that he desired to know about the publication under review; a form of notice rendered absolutely essential to a knowledge of contemporary literature, whose abundance would set at defiance the reading powers of the most rapid swallower of circulating libraries. By the contrivance so admirably effected by Mr. FOSTER, and which it is the plan and purpose of *THE CRITIC* to continue, every person is enabled to keep pace with the progress of publication, to acquaint himself with the subject-matter and the manner of treatment of all books, in all countries, as they appear; and thus, while learning something about all, to select for more intimate acquaintance whatever his taste may approve and his leisure permit him to enjoy.

In this pleasant and instructive manner has he condensed into delightful narratives biographies of LORD KAMES, BEATTIE, HUME, PALEY, BLAIR, FRANKLIN, CHATERTON, EDGEWORTH, WHITFIELD, GRATTAN, and HORNE TOOKE; and he has sketched with nice perception and curiously graphic skill the personal or the intellectual characters of those great men, as well as of FOX, SIDNEY SMITH, SOUTHEY, JUNIUS, CURRAN, and CHALMERS. A few papers are devoted entirely to religious subjects. In his political essays, FOSTER shews himself a decided Whig, and his historical articles are deeply tinged both by his political and his religious opinions.

From a work so miscellaneous in its character and contents, it is impossible to make any extracts that will convey the slightest notion of its real worth. But we cannot close it without presenting two or three passages, which may give to those who are strangers to the author's writings a knowledge of his style; and we select such as have intrinsic value, and may be read with profit apart from their context.

The following is a striking criticism, which has a far wider application than

BLAIR'S SERMONS.

"In the second place, there is no texture in the composition. The sentences appear often like a series of little independent propositions, each satisfied with its own distinct meaning, and capable of being placed in a different part of the train, without injury to any mutual connection or ultimate purpose of the thoughts. The ideas relate to the subject generally, without specifically relating to one another. They all, if we may so speak, gravitate to one centre, but have no mutual attraction among themselves. The mind must often dismiss entirely the idea in one sentence, in order to proceed to that in the next; instead of feeling that the second, though distinct, yet necessarily retains the first still in mind, and partly derives its force from it; and that they both contribute, in connection with several more sentences, to form a grand complex scheme of thought, each of them producing a far greater effect, as a part of the combination, than it would have done as a little thought standing alone. The consequence of this defect is, that the emphasis of the sentiment and the crisis or conclusion of the argument comes nowhere; since it cannot be in any single insulated thought, and there is not mutual dependence and co-operation enough to produce any combined result. Nothing is proved, nothing is enforced, nothing is taught, by a mere accumulation of self-evident propositions, most of which are necessarily trite, and some of which, when there are so many, must be trivial."

How astutely drawn is this sketch of

COLERIDGE'S STYLE.

"The surpassing subtlety of his mind is constantly desecrating the most unobvious relations, and detecting the most veiled aspects of things, and pervading their substance in quest of whatever is most latent in their nature. This extreme subtlety is the cause of more than one kind of difficulty to the reader. Its necessary consequence is that refinement of observation on which we have so prolixly remarked; but it has another consequence, the less or greater degree of which depended on the author's choice. He has suffered it continually to retard him in, or divert him from, the straightforward line of thought to his object. He enters on a train of argumentative observations to determine a given question. He advances one acute thought, and another, and another: but by this time he perceives among these which we may call the primary thoughts, so many secondaries—so many bearings, distinctions, and analogies—so many ideas starting sideways from the main line of thought—so many pointings towards subjects infinitely remote—that, in the attempt to seize and fix in words these secondary thoughts, he will often suspend for a good while the progress towards the intended point. Thus each thought that was to have been only one thought, and to have transmitted the reader's mind immediately forward to the next in order and in advance, becomes an exceedingly complex combination of thoughts, almost a dissertation in miniature: and thus our journey to the assigned point (if indeed we are carried so far, which is not always the case) becomes nothing less than a visit of curious inspection to

every garden, manufactory, museum, and antiquity situated near the road, throughout its whole length."

And again, in a notice of

LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

"Lord Woodhouselee is an able and practised thinker, possessed of ample stores of learning and general knowledge, well acquainted with the history, the schools, and the questions of philosophy; a discriminative judge of character; and writing in a style which we deem a finished example of what may be called transparent diction. It is so singularly lucid, so free from all affected rhetoric and artificial turns of phrase, so perfectly abstracted, with the exception of a law term or two, from every dialect appropriated to a particular subject, that we have never viewed thoughts through a purer medium. It is so pure and perfect, that we can read on a considerable way without our attention being arrested by the medium; it is as if there were nothing, if we may so express ourselves, between us and the thought. And we are made to think of the medium, after some time, only by the reflection how very clearly we have apprehended the sense, even when relating to the uncouth subjects of law or the abstruse subjects of metaphysics. By this pure and graceful diction, we are beguiled along with the author, through several prolix and unnecessary details, without being indignant, till we are past them, that he should have occupied himself and us with things too inconsiderable to deserve a fifth part of the space they fill."

This is the best description we have anywhere seen of the

ORATORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"Yet this very auditor, if he had wished to have a perplexing subject luminously simplified, or a vast one contracted, according to a just scale, to his understanding—if he had wished to put himself in distinct possession of the strongest arguments for maintaining the same cause in another place—if he had been anxious to qualify himself for immediate action in an affair in which he had not yet been able to satisfy himself in deliberation—or if he had been desirous for his coadjutors in any important concern to have a more perfect comprehension of its nature, and a more absolute conviction as to the right principles and measures to be adopted respecting it, than all his efforts could give them—he would have wished, beyond all others, to draw Fox's mind to bear on the subject. For ourselves, we think we never heard any man who dismissed us from the argument on a debated topic with such a feeling of satisfied and final conviction, or such a competence to tell why we were convinced. There was in the view in which subjects were placed by him something like the daylight—that simple clearness which makes things conspicuous and does not make them glare, which adds no colour or form, but purely makes visible in perfection the real colour and form of all things round; a kind of light less amusing than that of magnificent lustres or a thousand coloured lamps, and less fascinating and romantic than that of the moon, but which is immeasurably preferred when we are bent on sober business, and not at leisure or not in the disposition to wander delighted among beautiful shadows and delusions. It is needless to say that Fox possessed, in a high degree, wit and fancy; but superlative intellect was the grand distinction of his eloquence: the pure force of sense, of plain downright sense, was so great that it would have given a character of sublimity to his eloquence, even if it had never once been aided by a happy image or a brilliant explosion. 'The grandeur of plain sense' would not have been deemed an absurd phrase by any man who had heard one of Fox's best speeches."

Take another sketch of

COLERIDGE.

"And while we are making this reference to the elements and phenomena of nature, we will confess that this author, beyond any other (Mr. Wordsworth is next), gives us the impression, or call it the fancy, of a mind constructed to bear a certain indescribable analogy to nature—that is, to the physical world, with its wide extent, its elements, its mysterious laws, its animated forms, and its variety and vicissitude of appearances. His mind lives almost habitually in a state of profound sympathy with nature, maintained through the medium of a refined illusion of genius, which informs all nature with a kind of soul and sentiment, that brings all its forms

and entities, animate and inanimate, visible and invisible, into a mystical communion with his feelings. This sympathy is, or involves, an exceedingly different feeling from that with which a strictly philosophic mind perceives and admires in nature the more definable attributes of variety, order, beauty, and grandeur. These are acknowledged with a vivid perception; but, in our author's powerful imagination, they become a kind of moral attributes of a half-intelligential principle, which dimly, but with mysterious attraction, discloses itself from within all matter and form. This sympathy has retained him much more effectually in what may be called the school of nature, than is usual to men of genius, who enter so much into artificial society, and so extensively study the works of men; and the influences of this school have given that form to his habits of thinking, which bears so many marks of analogy to the state of surrounding physical nature."

In conclusion, as a specimen of composition on a different topic, read his definition of

METAPHYSICS.

"Metaphysical speculation tries to resolve all constituted things into their general elements, and those elements into the ultimate mysterious element of substance; thus leaving behind the various orders and modes of being, to contemplate being itself in its essence. It retires awhile from the consideration of truth as predicated of particular subjects, to explore those unalterable and universal relations of ideas which must be the primary principles of all truth. It is not content to acknowledge or to seek the respective causes of the effects which crowd every part of the creation, but would ascertain the very nature of the relation between cause and effect. Not satisfied to infer a Deity from the wise and beautiful order of the universe, it would descry the proof of this sublime fact in the bare existence of an atom. To ascertain the laws according to which we think is a gratifying kind of knowledge; but metaphysical speculation asks *what is it to think*, and what is that power which performs so strange an operation: it also attempts to discover the nature of the connection of this mysterious agent with a corporeal machine; and of the relation in which it really stands to that external world concerning which it receives so many millions of ideas. In short, metaphysical inquiry attempts to trace things to the very first stage in which they can, even to the most penetrating intelligences, be the subjects of a thought, a doubt, or a proposition; that profoundest abstraction, where they stand on the first step of distinction and remove from nonentity, and where that one question might be put concerning them, the answer to which would leave no further question possible. And having thus abstracted and penetrated to the state of pure entity, the speculation would come back, tracing into all its modes and relations; till at last metaphysical truth, approaching nearer and nearer to the sphere of our immediate knowledge, terminates on the confines of distinct sciences and obvious realities."

BIOGRAPHY.

Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver. By WILLIAM THOM, of Inverbury. London, 1844. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a little volume, but it claims a large space in the pages of THE CRITIC. It has more than one interesting feature, forbidding its unceremonious dismissal to the limbo to which the journalist is compelled to consign a countless host of versifiers who besiege his table and perplex his ears with their importunities for a favourable review. And if there be one class of these small authors more vexing than another, it is the brood of uneducated poets, whose name is Legion, and the very announcement of whom upon a title-page or in the flattering epistle that introduces it to his care, is sufficient to make the practised reviewer throw aside in disgust and disbelief any production so sought to be recommended to him. Such was very nearly the fate of the small volume before us, when accidentally our eye lighted upon a passage in the introduction, which by its novelty, its earnestness, and its evident truthfulness, tempted us to read on, and

forthwith the resolution was formed to introduce the readers of *THE CRITIC* to a share of the interest we had taken in the sad and simple story, and the genuine breathings of poetry, offered to our notice by the poor hand-loom weaver, WILLIAM THOM.

In a preliminary address to the reader he apologizes very needlessly for his egotism in occupying so many pages with the narrative of his own sorrows. They are the cream of the book. The truths they tell in plain prose will be more eagerly read and better remembered than the fancied joys and griefs which he has embodied in verse. He says of his book that it is a "record of scenes and circumstances interwoven with my experience—with my destiny. Hence the necessity of telling my own tale. Then, the feelings and fancies, the pleasure and the pain, that for a time hovered about my aimless existence were all my own—my property. These aerial investments I held and fashioned into measured verse."

Now, we cannot assent to THOM's plea, that the narrative was necessary to illustrate the poems. It is a curious, though not a novel, phenomenon of man's immortal mind, that it can sever itself from outward circumstances and, by the help of fancy, make for itself a world and an existence of its own. It is seldom, indeed, if ever, that poetry, which is the child of fancy, will occupy itself with the realities by which it is encompassed; it makes imaginary joys and woes, upon which it discourses with an eloquence and a force of feeling that impose themselves upon the unpractised listener, as the echoes of emotions kindled by the chances and changes of this prosaic work-day world of ours. Nor is THOM an exception to the general rule. The harder his lot, the more frowning his fortunes, the more did kind fancy lure him away from his fireless hearth and empty cupboard to the gay and glorious cloud-land, where real woe forgets to weep and real happiness learns to grieve over imaginary sorrows.

Nevertheless, though not required for the alleged purpose of illustrating the poetry that follows it, we would not have expunged a line of the weaver's narrative. It is fraught with more than the interest of a romance, for it has the excitement and adventure of a fiction, with the consciousness that it is an unadorned truth. At this time, when the condition of the working classes is engaging the most serious attention of all who read and think, a faithful narrative by one the most suffering of them of the privations and calamities to which they are subjected, cannot fail to be of infinite service. The experience of such a man is of more worth than the speculations of a Parliament of statesmen or a mountain of *Times* newspapers. He can interpret the feelings of his fellows, perhaps indicate the sources of those emotions, it may be, reveal to us how they are to be removed and the harmony of all the parts of the social edifice restored. His history, he informs us, is that "of a thousand families in Scotland within these last ten years." What a startling fact is that! But, as he justly adds, the fact is too large to be understood; it is not properly *felt*, because it is not entirely comprehended; "contemplated in mass, and in reference to its bulk only, it acts more upon the *wonder* than upon the pity of mankind." So, the slaughter of ten thousand men in a battle will excite no sense of *sorrow*, while the murder or the accidental death of a single man will rouse the pity of a whole nation. We are most moved by individual instances of suffering, because we can best realize it in our imaginations, and it is thus that such a tale of distress as THOM has here told is calculated to be so serviceable. Its aim, he says, was "to impart to one portion of the community a glimpse of what is sometimes going on in another;" and he adds, with great good sense,

"I have long had a notion, that many of the heart-burnings that run through the social whole, spring, not so much

from the distinctiveness of classes, as their mutual ignorance of each other. The miserably rich look on the miserably poor with distrust and dread, scarcely giving them credit for sensibility sufficient to feel their own sorrows. That is ignorance with its gilded side. The poor, in turn, foster a hatred of the wealthy as a sole inheritance—look on grandeur as their natural enemy, and bend to the rich man's rule in gall and bleeding scorn. Puppies on the one side, and demagogues on the other, are the portions that come oftenest into contact. These are the luckless things that skirt the great divisions, exchanging all that is offensive therein. 'Man know thyself' should be written on the right hand; on the left, 'Men know each other.' It is a subject worthy of a wise head and a pithy pen."

It is indeed, and we should much like to see it handled by THOM, who combines the rare qualifications of intimate acquaintance with the facts of the theme, with a sound head, a right heart, and an eloquent tongue. He would be heard with respect even by the philosopher and the statesman, for the path is sorely perplexing to both of them just now, and they would be thankful to any guide, however humble, whose practical knowledge might help them through the labyrinth. But it is time to turn to the *Recollections*, the perusal of a few lines of which will shew the author to be possessed of considerable pictorial power, and a mastery of the art of composition far beyond what could have been expected in a self-taught labourer at the loom.

It appears that he resided in the village of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus, in Scotland, one of those places which sprung suddenly into importance at the magic wand of trade. Before the Dundee Railway was completed it was almost a desert; in two years it numbered 200 inhabitants. But these were all strangers to each other, wanting the ties of old association which usually link together the dwellers in the same locality. They were collected by advertisement, tempted by promises of employment, which failed them when the evil day came. It will be remembered how the ruin in America operated here. In one week no less than 6,000 looms were silenced in Dundee. The distress that followed was fearful, and the village of Newtyle, which was entirely dependent upon the loom for its very existence, was the first to feel the shock. "A little while," says THOM, "thinned the villages, those only remaining who had many children and were obliged to consider well before they started." He was of that number. He was supplied with one web a week, for which his wages were five shillings. Look upon his picture of the results:—

"It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but it passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked of*. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle, and then pass on.

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shews none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shews an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the

feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

In such sufferings passed the spring, to them bearing not the gladness of the season. At length, in despair, a change of residence was resolved upon. This was the arrangement:—

"Proceeding to Dundee, I there exchanged, at a pawnbroker's, a last and most valued relic of better days, for ten shillings, four of which I spent on such little articles as usually constitute 'a pack,' designing this to be carried by my wife, while other four shillings I expended on second-hand books, as a stock of merchandize for myself; but I was very unfortunate in my selection, which consisted chiefly of little volumes, containing abridgments of modern authors, these authors being generally of a kind little to the taste of a rustic population."

On a Thursday morning they quitted their homes. After three days' wandering on foot with insufficient nourishment, the weather became intensely cold, the children fretful and weary, they had not the means of paying for a bed or even for shelter. Seeing a farmhouse in the distance, the agonized father left his flock by the wayside, and hastened to the farm, whose owner he had heard was a humane man. The master was from home, and the housekeeper refused the shelter of a shed, for which alone the poor man prayed.

"Heaven's mercy (he says) was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion; but 'No, no, no,' was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

"I returned to my family. They had kept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired the trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'Isna she wae some like? Let's in frae the cauld.' 'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbled with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—included—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

"The gloamin' light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B—. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farmhouse of John Cooper, West-town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval, the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an outhouse. A man stood

by with a lantern, while, with straw and blankets, we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean awakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their dead sister. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be sustained by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them; comfort I had none to give—none to take; I spake not—what could be said—words? Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow over-doses itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, which had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After awhile, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did every thing which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favourite, little Jeanie."

On Monday they continued their pilgrimage, "wandering onwards without any settled purpose or end." The last stage of misery must have been reached when a poet could say, "The busy singing world around us was a nuisance." What woe is expressed in that single sentence! "The loaded fields bore nothing for us!" Shall we wonder that some yield to the strong temptation and take what is not theirs? "Nor knew we," he exclaims, "where that night our couch might be, or where tomorrow our grave!" During the day they did not fare so badly; food was freely proffered to them.

"But oh, the ever-recurring sunset! Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset was to insure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After-experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name, until a suitable lateness warranted the attack. This night, however, we felt so much in need of a comfortable resting-place, that it was agreed we should make for Errol. There we settled for the night in a house kept for the humblest description of 'travellers.' It is one of those places of entertainment whose most engaging feature is the easy price. Its inmates, unaccustomed even to the luxury of a fire, easily enough dispense with seats; and where five or six people are packed up alive in one box, a superabundance of bed-clothes would be found uncomfortable. Hence the easy charges. Our fellow-lodgers were of all nations, to the amount of two dozen or so. As it has been my lot, since then, to pass many a night and day in similar society, and, having somewhat of a turn for observation, my memory could furnish many records of 'gangrel bodies,' that are not altogether wanting in interest; but of that another time. One case, however, has, in some points, so much of resemblance to my own, at one period, that I would fain notice it here. At the gloamin' hour, we entered the village of Errol. In the main street, a group of people had gathered round a man, and stood silent and attentive, as if expecting some display or another. I wondered, for a moment, whether the man was a preacher, and at a dead stop for material. The grave and benevolent expression on his comely face, as well as the dark hue of his apparel, misled me so far; and for the rest, the bewilderment of his look certainly intimated that, whatever the employment, his lips had 'closed for the season.' It was not so. I knew it all afterwards. He had been just then singing—for the first time, singing on the streets. I heard his song. Surely, surely, thought I, it comes from his very heart; such earnestness, such sorrowful sweetness! Misery makes niggards of us, and at times sym-

pathies will actually become self-consumed; yet the man and his 'Light of other days,' haunted my fancy, even to my motley lodgings—my caravansary—my bield of meal-bags and monsters. Here, aside from the coarse and bloated inmates of our dwelling, a respectable-looking woman sat nursing a sick infant—a poor, withered, corpse-like baby, with little of life there but the wailing, wailing, that would not be stilled. One or two of our neighbours seemed to sympathize with the young and lonely mother; others grumbled harshly to want their sleep. By-and-by, another lodger entered. It was the man—the very singing man—I heard in the gloamin'. In a moment he was in our group, leaning over his dying infant! Now, just think of singing, and *that* the key-note! I will not bother you with remarks. 'I have wearied sadly for your coming, James,' said the woman. 'It's so dark out by the night,' he replied, 'I only faund out this door by our wean greetin'.'"

We cannot trace this weary pilgrimage step by step, for the many curious details of such a journey the reader should refer to the volume. He observes that everywhere the poor workmen were the most generous and prompt in their charity. "They shared their little substance with those that had less. It is always so; but for the poor, the poorer would perish."

Necessity is the parent of invention. At Methven they entered a lodging-house, but the landlady demanded sixpence before she would permit them to take off their shoes. He had but fivepence-halfpenny. The woman was resolute not to accept less than her demand; they went out to sleep in the hedges. THOM had learned to play a little upon the flute, and he had kept the instrument through all his distresses. It served him now: he sought to relieve his sorrows by music, not without hope that he might also excite some compassion.

"Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favourably. 'A quarter of an hour longer,' said I, 'and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.' The sun had been down a good while, and the gloamin' was lovely. In spite of every thing, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. 'The flowers of the forest' brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another * * * Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven?"

This unexpected relief helped them for awhile, and then he hit upon another expedient, the success of which we should have deemed more problematical. But it shall be narrated in his own words; nor will we omit the interesting little poem produced under circumstances so novel.

"After some consideration, another mode of exercising my talents for support occurred to me. I had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to make verses, and many of these had won applause from my friends and fellow-workmen, so I determined to press this faculty into my service on the present occasion. Accordingly, after sundry downittings and contemplations, by waysides and in barns, my muse produced the following ode

TO MY FLUTE.

"'Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
I ettle now to sing;
To thee alane, my lo'esome flute,
This hamely strain I bring!
Oh! let us flee on memory's wing,
O'er twice ten winters flee,
An' try ance mair that ae sweet spring
Whilk young love breathed in thee.
Companion o' my happy then,
Wi' smilin' frien's around;
In ilka but, in ilka ben,
A couthie welcome found—
Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed skaithless by;

That gies to flutes their saftest sound,
To hearts their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns hae danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
And monie a nicht, wi' guiltless glee,
Our hearty hallan rung.

But noo, wi' hardship worn and wrung,
I'll roam the world about;
For her and for her friendless young,
Come forth, my faithful flute!

Your artless notes may win the ear,
That wadna hear me speak,
And for your sake that pity spare,
My full heart couldna seek.
And whan the winter's cranreuch bleak
Drives houseless bodies in,
We'll aiblins get the ingle cheek,
A' for your lightsome din."

These verses were printed, and presented at the houses of the gentry, and they repeatedly procured aid for the author. In one laird's house he even received the guerdon of half-a-guinea; so that THOM may be deemed about the most successful poet of his age, if profit be the test of success, as we believe it now-a-days is held to be. Thus were his roamings supported, until he was enabled again to find employment at the loom in Aberdeen.

After remaining there about a year, he obtained better wages and removed to Inverury, where, in a few months, he lost the faithful partner of his woes and wanderings.

Again trade declined, work grew scarce, and wages fell, until he was unable to earn sufficient for a maintenance. Again he resorted to poetry to relieve the gloom that was clouding his harassed mind. He composed a poem called "The Blind Boy's Pranks," which was inserted in an Aberdeen newspaper, and thence copied into most of the journals. The unexpected consequences are thus told:—

"On a cold, cold winter day, we sat alone, my little ones and I, looking on the last meal procurable by honourable means. My purpose was settled—our wearables, such as they were, lay packed up for the journey—Aberdeen and the House of Refuge our next home. I felt resigned. True, we might have breathed on a little while longer, had I been able to worm through all the creeping intricacies that lie between starvation and parish charities. But oh! how preferable, surely, the unseen, silent sadness in a House of Refuge to the thousand and one heartless queries, taunts, and grumblings that accompany the elder's 'eighteenpence.' Heaven averted all these, at any rate. On the forenoon of that same day, there came to me a post letter, dated 'Aberdeen Journal Office.' The nature of that letter will be sufficiently understood by the following extract:—

"The beautiful verses entitled 'The Blind Boy's Pranks,' the production of a 'Serf,'* which appeared in our paper of the 20th January [copied from the *Herald*, where the production of the 'Serf' first appeared], are, we doubt not, fresh in the memory of many of our readers; and it will delight them to learn that the humble yet gifted author has not passed unnoticed or unrewarded. We have had the pleasure of conveying to him, from a gentleman of this county, the friend and patron of humble merit and of native genius, a very substantial token of his admiration; and make no apology for submitting to our readers the simple tale of thanks with which it has been received. The genuine spirit of poetry pervades 'The Blind Boy's Pranks;' and is no less conspicuous in the lines which follow. They cannot fail to create an interest in the welfare of the hard-working and talented 'Serf.'"

Mr. GORDON was the patron who had thus kindly interested himself in the anonymous poet, and the change was great for him.

"Ten days after sending the above letter, I and my daughter were dashing it in a gilded carriage through the streets of London. Here was a change sufficient to turn the head of a bewildered weaver. Under the protection of my patron, Mr. Gordon, I remained there, and in other parts of England, upwards of four months, and paid great attention to all I saw

* The signature originally appended to the verses.

and heard. I was introduced to many of the master-minds of yon great city. In the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey I conversed with the lamented Allan Cunningham. I have listened to the eloquence, and heard the nonsense, of those who give laws to the people. I saw Majesty and Misery, and many of the paths between. There is not a purchaseable pleasure but was put within my power; and many are the delights of happy England, and kind the hearts therein; yet I longed for Scotland, and am again upon my heather and at my loom. Alas! for the loom, though! Hitherto it has been to me the ship on which I voyaged o'er life—Happiness and Hardship alternate steersmen—the lyre and a light heart my fellow-passengers. Now, amid the giant waves of monopoly, the *solitary* loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre, like a hencoop, be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore."

Thus ends this brief autobiography. Of the poems appended to it, it is difficult for an Englishman to form a fair judgment, the greater portion of them being written in the broadest Scotch. His countrymen, who ought to know, praise them very highly, and some have ventured so far as to compare them with BURNS. But we must defer notice of his poems till our next number.

Reminiscences from my Life (Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben) von (of) CAROLINE PICHLER. Vienna, 1844.

THE memoirs of CAROLINE PICHLER have attracted more attention in Germany than any book which has appeared for a long time; and justly so, for, living through a period of great excitement in politics, and of almost equal moment in literature, combining the advantages of acquaintance with every name of importance at different times in Vienna, and having sufficient talent and observation to render her written experiences of interest to others, Madame PICHLER has left us a work which may rank with the autobiographies of Steffans, Arndt, &c., thus embodying a view of events, literary, biographical, and historical, which no general reader should omit to peruse.

The mother of CAROLINE PICHLER was left an orphan at a very early age, and by a train of accidental circumstances brought under the notice of Maria Theresa, who caused her to be educated among other young girls destined for her own future service. Possessing talents of various kinds, especially that for acquiring languages, she was early employed in the reading of despatches, petitions, &c., for which that knowledge, in the wide-spread provinces of the state, was an indispensable requisite. Italian, French, Latin, were her acquirements, added to which, her taste in dress, and in head-dress particularly, on which her mistress set especial value as she devoted no little time and care to her toilet, made her of much demand in the imperial suite, for then, alas! *marchandises de mode* were not so well known as now.

Madame PICHLER has judged well that the opportunity thus given her of communicating anecdotes and court gossip, as a preface to her own memoirs, would be welcome to her readers, and indeed this almost proves to be the most interesting portion of the whole. It so abounds in amusing incidents of the chief characters of this period, that we hardly know where to choose; but we must relate the story of the courier announcing the victory over the Prussians at Hochkerchen, "who arrived late at night, when the court had retired, after celebrating the birthday of the Empress. The joyful news in an instant spread over the palace, and archduchesses, with jewels in the head, but wrapped in dressing-gowns, others in full dress, but dismantled hair, princes half in and half out of uniform, came hastily into the room they had just left, to render their congratulations to their noble mother."

Again the Emperor, who, on a visit at Muspruck, desirous of gratifying his *collective* propensities, wished to remove some coins from thence to Vienna, but "therewith the Director of the Cabinet was by no means

content; 'On no account,' was his reply, 'the coins are on my catalogue, and I must answer for them.' In vain the Emperor sought by every means to win him over. The good director held fast by his catalogue, until the monarch, observing with whom he had to deal, proposed to him to exchange the coins for so many new ducats of the same weight—and thus were his scruples removed! He gave weight for weight, and was then convinced he had done his duty to the precious treasure intrusted to him."

Maria Theresa was so accustomed to the attendance of this useful damsel, that it was with the greatest reluctance she at last *allowed* her to marry. The account of the ceremony, at which the Empress was present, and where the bride must not pronounce the "Yes" without bending towards her Majesty, and receiving from her a formal bow of consent, is amusing enough, as demonstrating the tyrannical despotism which, even in trifles of no comparative importance, a strong and cultivated mind may accustom itself to exercise, under the mask of a maternal care of her subjects and a strict regard for morality.

We have comparatively so little of the heroine herself, that we know not much more of her inward heart and mind by these four volumes, than can be gathered indirectly from the works of every author. In her comments on particular public events she is perhaps too diffuse, but on the subject of her own characteristics almost silent—in fact, we may more appropriately call them memoirs of her Times, than of her Life.

Madame PICHLER mentions that she first saw the light in the same year, and a few weeks later, than Napoleon. Was this the cause of her exhibiting the qualification so much admired by Johnson, namely, that of being a good hater? She was born in 1769, the second child of her parents, and during her early years of such delicate health that her life was often despaired of; but she adds with evident pride that she afterwards became so strong that she never had cause to be confined to her room for more than a few days together. The important business of instruction was begun early, and under great advantages of masters. Her father, secretary to the Bohemian and Austrian Chancery, commanded what is called good society, and possessing great love for the arts, especially music, while her mother was, for that time, a decidedly learned lady, they were earnest in rendering their house a point of reunion for all that was literary and artistic in the capital. In this respect few persons have enjoyed, through the whole of a long life, such great advantages as CAROLINE PICHLER.

"At this time, by means of Haschka, her tutor, and the warm friend of the family, they were led to the society of Alxinger, Leon (also a poet), Ratschky, Denis, Mastalier, Sperges, Blumauer, and others; while Professor Wall (the botanist), Jacquin, the Abbé Eckel, Sonnenfels, Maffei (names which the literary history of Austria mentions with reverence), the deeper sciences were also brought into our circle."

Under the judicious care of Haschka, her lively fancy and retentive memory were cultivated without detriment to her judgment. At eight the future writer shewed herself in scribbling what she styled rhapsodies, which generally commenced with, "The days, alas! are gone, wherein I found such joy," &c., or something very similar; but what those supposed happy days were, or when they occurred, Madame PICHLER has since been at a loss to remember, and, therefore, ascribes them to a youthful imagination alone. Her aptitude for learning gave her many advantages over her brother, who, though two or three years younger, with less quickness possessed more judgment; and the partiality shewn in the care of the children was the cause of no few differences between the elder members of the family. Among other nourishers of her growing poetical talent was a

maiden aunt, who, in the depths of seclusion, had composed two tragedies; these were shewn to the niece, but only on condition of the profoundest secrecy.

Her mother still visited the court, and the child remembered with particular satisfaction—

"The majesty and grace of Maria Theresa's deportment, though at that time age and the small-pox had destroyed the beauty of her features. In Luxemburg, and indeed other of her palaces, as the going up and down stairs had become painful and difficult to her, she had a machine constructed in the form of a canopy, on which, sitting, she could be raised from one story to another. And to me it was indeed wonderful and delightful, when sometimes she placed herself, with my mother, on the sofa, set me between them, and, as if by enchantment, we were borne up and landed in another room."

With the new emperor, in 1780, arose a new order of things, which seemed only to have awaited a change of rulers to make themselves apparent, and therefore they appeared more dependent upon the new monarch than was, in truth, the case.

"One of the first evident workings of the new system was an uncircumscribed freedom of the press; indeed, Joseph II. felt no small degree of pride in permitting whatever was said or written on himself and his government to appear unnoticed. * * * * Consequently there was no bound to the liberty of speech. Every one who could guide a pen (and they were not so many then as now) seized it at once, in order, as his wit or inclination might lead, to pass his little judgment upon things in general. * * * * In every direction lay the slumbering sparks of genius, that here, with mild and gentle light, spread triumphantly far and wide, while there, it dazzled like lightning, and too often led its followers into the depths of error. Need I here name Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, Herder? We in Austria had our Denis, Sonneufs, Junger, of whom the traces even are almost lost in the stream of time, so that now one scarcely thinks of a Gellert, Rabener, Hagedorn, &c., and only those great names remain which I referred to above. In all branches of knowledge, great activity was evident, 'men dared to think freely, and so they thought well,' as Haller sings."

Two books, forbidden to her extreme youth, *Werther* and *Agathon* (of Wieland), were, when permitted, as is very often the case in similar instances, found to produce no effect on the mind worth notice. *Werther* by no means excited her fancy, and what, we believe, is unusual, she thinks she would have far preferred *Albert* as a partner for life than "the vain and weak-spirited *Werther*." We pass over with a word the fantasy of *spiritualization*, which seized her young brain, and induced her to live on fruits and vegetables, in order to refine herself as much as possible, and thereby approach more nearly to what she called "the world of spirits;" likewise the presages of immediate death, which more than once during her life seem to have overruled her better judgment; and the several pages she devotes to detailing the management of her time,—so much occupied by household matters, cultivating music, and writing poetry; all which by experience she contrived to blend and accomplish to her own satisfaction and the wonder of her acquaintance. But we must quote some very rational remarks she here makes:—

"The hours I was enabled to give to literary pursuits were only the more dear to me, being snatched accidentally from my many other occupations; and I may here mention what my own experience, and that of others, has proved to me during my long life, that poets and artists, who were, and would be, nothing else have seldom been successful in this undefined pathway and more seldom still have they reached any great goal. But it is those among them who, besides their art, have been engaged in any other important occupation and have treated the muse more as a mistress than a wife, who have attained the great and accomplished the good; and therefore have I held it as highly dangerous to his undertaking when a young man declares his resolution 'to devote himself

to art'—as people are wont to express it. In fact this generally means nothing else than taking out a permission to be idle."

Amidst these pursuits some years were passed, until her marriage, in May, 1796, with PICHLER, a young man engaged with many others under her father. The acquaintance was first cemented by means of a small society of youthful minds, of which PICHLER and her brother were members; they met at the house of the latter and their business was to read papers written by the various members. To this our heroine sent several essays, and it seems that hers and those of PICHLER evinced great unanimity of sentiment and opinion. Madame PICHLER was not of Werner's idea, that "love must, like lightning, strike two hearts at the same moment which inflaming purify and endure for ever." Upon this system she told the poet she had never rightly loved, but she thought in silence that this "lightning, which only once" in life should be kindled, had twice, or even thrice, struck the heart of Werner himself, but she left the matter undisputed.

Though married, it had been settled that the young couple should still live with the lady's parents, an arrangement which cases innumerable have proved to induce more discomfort than happiness, and whereupon she offers a few words of sensible advice to all who might be tempted to adopt a similar plan.

The year 1797 brought to them great anxiety and trouble. The advance of Buonaparte from Italy threw the whole city into a state of utter consternation and horror. In this, as in other families, a council was held, wherein it was decided that the father, mother, and CAROLINE PICHLER should take refuge at Durnholz, a castle at about two days' journey from Vienna. Here they remained ten or fourteen days, when they were recalled by a report that in the castle of Göss, near Leoben, the preliminaries for peace were being arranged. Thus, for the present, there was a respite. Shortly afterwards Madame PICHLER gave birth to a girl. Her only brother, whom she used to declare she would rather marry than any one she knew, was now likewise married; but their general happiness met with a severe interruption in the death of her father, by which also they were deprived of the chief source of their income; and, after a very short interval, the newly-made bride of her brother died of consumption.

These misfortunes combined with their present very secluded mode of life to lower the tone of her mind to that melancholy which is always both cause and effect of poetic dreaming; she proceeded to write anew and to examine the former efforts of her muse. A poem, composed at the time before mentioned when she made such desperate attempts to gain the *etheriality* of "the spirit world," entitled *Gleichnisse*, which we may translate "Parables," fell now, with some other of her manuscripts, into her husband's hands. He was much pleased with it and proposed its being sent forth to the world; but this idea literally terrified the modest authoress, for as yet nothing beyond some simple poems in annuals, &c. had appeared from her pen; the observation, too, of an esteemed friend, when she asked him why he never published, occurred now warningly to her mind. "My young friend," he said, "I will never do that; a man who publishes a book is like a fool who stretches his hand out of the window—every passer-by may give it a blow." In fine, after submitting the manuscript to the judgment of several friends, it was decided in favour of publication, and (to her astonishment, she says) it met with no slight degree of success. In particular by Merkel, Garlieb Merkel, the friend of Kotzebue, both then in arms against the Schlegel school, was it most warmly received. Olivier soon followed. More properly this is a fable, and its origin is by her ascribed to a certain dream which ex-

cited her to represent how, in a noble and womanly soul, the excellence of a man independent of all external disadvantages, is alone sufficient to call forth an enduring passion. The *Krate and Hipparelica* of Wieland had some time before made its appearance, but, in opposition to that essentially classic idea, hers assumed an entirely romantic form.

Her husband was, in 1802, engaged under Count Mittrowsky, one of the so-called Benevolent Commission of which the object was the relief of the lower classes from the evils of the high price of necessaries. This employment gave occasion to many little excursions, at which the wife, mother, and young child always accompanied him. Much of the scenery of her after novels was taken from observations made at these times.

Again settled in Vienna, they became acquainted with many characters of interest; Schneller, then a young man of twenty, but giving no presage of the fame he subsequently acquired as a great historian, and Collins, the poet, who then made his appearance in the capital with his new tragedy, *Regulus*, which afterwards became so famous.

Appropos, of literary characters she observes—

"However remarkable they may have appeared in the world, either as men of art or of learning, very, very few preserved in a closer intercourse the charm of amiable or even estimable character. But even less amiable, with rare exceptions, have I hitherto found female cultivated minds, 'Les femmes supérieures,' as Mme. de Stael named them; on the contrary, I have always endeavoured to avoid them, as we never found much sympathy together."

Hatschka, her old preceptor, who was yet living, Hornmayr, Rödere, Streekfuss (author of the *Harmonicon*), and others; with these their time was spent in readings of Goethe, Schiller, and Werner, in music, &c.; with the latter (Streekfuss) a little rivalry took place in the composition of a pastoral from Scripture history, on the subject of Ruth, which, as it proceeded, was read to the literary circle. Madame PICHLER modestly hints, that although that of Streekfuss was preferred, particularly by the ladies of their society, some partiality must be ascribed to the author's personal appearance, while her own, she thinks, nevertheless "had its worth."

In the autumn of 1805 war again broke out; but having no time to dwell on the details of circumstances well known to all, we will pass over the quartering of the French in Vienna, the account of the "fierce republican," and he whom she styles "the more clear-seeing major," who both fell to her share; also some interesting remarks on the two famed musicians—Cherubini, the composer, and Crescentini, the singer—which lead to general reflections on musical talents, so well thought and written, that we would regret to pass them by, but that still greater interest carries us onward.

"At this time the Schlegels, Tieck, and others, with their so-called Romantic School, appeared in Vienna, and 'poetical poetry' was placed in opposition to that hitherto exercised and so much esteemed; while many authorities, until now sincerely venerated, were by them thrown relentlessly from their altars."

Meanwhile the name of CAROLINE PICHLER, through her *Gleichnisse*, *Olivier*, and *Leonore*, began to be recognized in Germany, and solicitations for contributions to annuals and periodicals poured in upon her from all sides. An offer from Madame Huber, daughter of Heine, and widow of two distinguished men, G. Forster and Huber, who was at that time the editor of the well-known *Morgen Blatt*, was among these; and thus began one of Madame PICHLER's firmest friendships, contracted with a woman whom indeed she never saw but whose admirable letters testified to the worth and talent of the writer and were long one of her greatest enjoyments.

In the autumn of this year came Madame de Stael from Weimar to Vienna, accompanied by A. W. Schlegel.

"Her presence, what she did and said, how she looked, how she dressed, and so forth, became now the conversation of every room. Every one had something to relate of her, for the most part unfavourable. If some could not forgive her, for being a 'femme supérieure' (and that she indeed was!), others envied her intercourse with persons of rank, to which originally her birth gave her no claim; others found too much pretension in her manner, and others again could not pass over the ill-selected toilet, which was really too conspicuous for her disadvantageous appearance and her advancing years (she was then past forty), and indeed implied a self-assumption of beauty which any glass would have contradicted. * * * * Schlegel came often to us, and gave us the impression of a most elegant professor, who, different to the generality of his class, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and different again, that even in society, he was always intent upon his toilet, and when, as was often the case among us, others read their works before him, he was employed during the whole reading in arranging his frill, his hair, &c. &c., and I have heard that he maintained this care and adornment of his person when quite an old man."

From some cause Madame PICHLER had had no opportunity of gratifying her curiosity by seeing this celebrated "femme supérieure." At last a mutual acquaintance contrived the meeting, of which Madame PICHLER says—

"I shall never forget the impression she made on me; she was a rather large and strongly-made woman, past all youth, with striking but not pleasing features, the expression of which, in the projecting mouth and chin, in the whole somewhat negro form of face, seemed to me to indicate great sensuality; while the striking, I might almost say venturesome attire, seemed to assert claims to which neither her age nor unpleasing exterior in any way responded. * * * * But principally was I struck by the uncommonly sweet and soft tone of her voice, and this voice uttered such admirable things, in such chosen language, that one could not but listen to her with the utmost delight, and I only desired to have a stenograph in the next room in order to commit to paper and thus rescue from oblivion all that she so strikingly and beautifully expressed."

Her expectations and those of Vienna in general, although on this occasion not quite so raised, were more gratified at the presence of Frederick Schlegel and his wife. In the latter all expected to see the original of her husband's "free-hearted, beautiful Lucinda," but in this they were disappointed. Nevertheless, in other respects, she more than answered the imaginings concerning her; indeed Madame PICHLER expends many lines in praise of her noble and simple character.

Her remarks, or rather feelings, on the various events of the war which here follow, though naturally expressing the common sentiment of Austria at that time, are less interesting than other parts of her narrative. We are amused to observe that, during the few opportunities she had of seeing Napoleon, her thoughts happened always to be occupied with the hope, "that a shot from an unseen hand would suddenly end the plans for Europe's destruction then pending in the mighty brain."

The first view after peace of an Austrian officer's scarf and sword which she one day caught sight of while calling on a friend, so moved her sensibilities that she raised them to her lips. A moment after the owner appeared and proved to be Varnhagen von Ense, then a young man and in no way remarkable, as he has since become, through his own writings and those of his no less celebrated wife. About this time appeared her *Grafen von Hohenberg*, and *Alter und Neuer Sinn*; both were called forth by the feeling of the times, and as appealing to popular sympathies naturally met with a favourable welcome.

In 1811 La Fontaine arrived at Vienna, but his tastes, she complains, led him more to observe the people, the

lower orders, in the public parts of the city, than to cultivate any intercourse with its refined society; consequently she saw but little of him. She mentions two ladies who, full of enthusiasm and admiration for his excellent romances, had with much manoeuvring contrived to invite him to take tea with them; La Fontaine made his *entrée* some hours after the rest of the company, and instead of the enlarged views, the enlightened observations, the interesting conversation, which the party had so anxiously awaited, he complained loudly of the heat and called for a glass of beer!

There is much in these volumes of the delightful Körner, but we must pass it over with a sigh; indeed we scarcely light upon a page in which some name does not appear, in whom curiosity, if not a warm interest, is centred. The excitement of the country brought many to Vienna who, under other circumstances, might have remained in the quiet of their homes; and we have before observed that CAROLINE PICHLER was particularly fortunate in her opportunities of meeting with them.

We have marked so much deserving of attention, that we find one notice insufficient for our purpose of presenting an outline of these volumes to our readers; two yet remain, which we must reserve for another number, and then we hope to collect a few of the most curious and interesting of the *ana* with which they abound, as a valuable contribution to the stores of contemporary literature which it is the design of THE CRITIC to collect and preserve for future as well as for present reading.

SCIENCE.

The Zoist; a Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their application to human welfare. Vol. 2. No. 7. October 1844. London. Baillière.

SCARCELY a day passes without the assertion by witnesses, whose veracity it is difficult to doubt, of some new developments of the phenomena to which the name of mesmerism has been given; some fresh and startling exhibition of its powers, some successful applications of it to the relief of human suffering. On all sides of us we have solemn allegations and assurances by men of unquestionable integrity, of keen observation, and of lofty intellect, that have beheld the things which those who have not seen receive with ridicule and unbelief; that they have personally investigated the strange cases with which the journals of the day are teeming, and can detect no imposture; that though they are unable to trace the *rationale* of the phenomena, they are compelled upon the evidence of their senses to believe the fact. On the other hand, mesmerism and its votaries continue to be fiercely assailed by the established weapons of controversial warfare; abuse is substituted for argument; the eye and the ear are resolutely closed against conviction; fresh combatants are continually entering the lists on both sides, and in the wrath engendered by the conflict, the original subject is forgotten, and personal hostilities take the place of scientific research. As loudly as one party shouts "Yes," the other howls "No;" pride comes to the aid of ignorance, and they who denied at first because they know no better, afterwards persist in their denial against their better knowledge, because they want the moral courage to confess themselves in the wrong.

To us, who stand aloof from the professional controversy that is raging, beholding both parties with equal eye, listening patiently to the assertions of both, and bringing the calm, cold judgment of THE CRITIC to the examination of the arguments of heated partisans, the conflict would be infinitely amusing, were it not for the sad reflection that while the learned quarrel humanity

suffers, that the progress of science is stayed while doctors are disputing, and truth is sacrificed to the jealousy of rivals.

Thus stands the matter, It is alleged by divers persons of various countries, creeds, parties, and ranks, that, under certain circumstances which may be artificially produced, phenomena of a very extraordinary nature are exhibited; that the patient sleeps, and in this sleep is possessed of powers infinitely surpassing those which the faculties either of mind or body are capable of in the ordinary state of existence. What are these alleged powers, including, as they do, the phenomena of somnambulism, of clairvoyance, of transfer of sensation, of phrenological development, it is not necessary here to specify; they must be familiar by name at least to every reader. Suffice it, that these phenomena are solemnly alleged to be exhibited by a multitude of patients of all ages, of both sexes, in various countries, of every rank, station, creed, colour, by the educated, and by the ignorant; that they are not produced privately, but publicly exhibited, offered to the free examination of any censor, and submitted to whatever test the most experienced practitioner may be pleased to apply.

In such case what should we presume, *à priori*, to be the course which would be adopted by the men of science, the seekers after truth, the explorers into the million mysteries of nature which on all sides surround them? Would it not be, that they should set themselves with solemn and earnest, but impartial minds, to the investigation of the circumstances so alleged? Would it not have been expected of them that they should omit no opportunity of seeing the strange phenomena, testing their reality, measuring their extent, tracing their origin, and seeking their application to the purposes of human happiness? If any, the slightest portion of them, thus tried and proved, were found to be true, should we not have expected that the searchers after truth would have hailed with great joy the glad tidings of the discovery of a new fact in nature, knowing as they must, if they know any thing, if they be wise men and not impostors, that there never was, and never will be, a new fact traced in nature, which is not of incalculable service to mankind, were it only by the mass of knowledge it brings with it, in consequence of the intimate chain by which the whole universe, known and unknown, is bound together, so that we cannot grasp a single link without bringing into light innumerable other of the links by which the great whole is connected. As the laws of the universe were learned from the fall of an apple, so from the smallest truth, that the humblest among us may note, by right investigation will the profoundest truths be reached. *A priori*, we say, would it not have been presumed that any man pretending to be a philosopher, or possessing a grain of wisdom, on hearing of the phenomena alleged of mesmerism, would have reasoned somewhat after this fashion: "These things they tell me of are strange; but the question for me is not whether they be strange, but whether they be true: all the knowledge we possess, and which now excites in us neither surprise nor doubt, because we deem it established, was equally strange, doubtful, and surprising when it was first announced to the world. It disturbs some of my present notions—but what of that? My object is not to establish certain pre-conceived theories, but to find out which is right, and, after earnest and honest investigation, to adopt the truth. I know that all truths are consistent with each other. If these alleged phenomena be true, and yet inconsistent with the notions I now entertain, the sooner I banish my present false views the better for my mind's health. It is a simple duty I have to perform, to go and see, and try the reality of that which is so confidently asserted; it is not a matter for abstract argument, but for experiment—is it, or is it not, a reality?—and if I find it so to be, my further

duty, nay, my pleasure, will be to investigate the new path into the mysteries of creation which has thus been opened to me, and boldly proclaiming my convictions to the world, to exhort others to follow my example, and aid me in the zealous pursuit of truth."

Such should we have supposed to be the self-reasoning of any man who was at once wise and honest, upon hearing the assertions of those who have seen and verified the phenomena of mesmerism. But how different the scene! We behold a very large section of the scientific world, not merely refusing to believe, for that they fairly might, but refusing to see and investigate; and, not content with abusing their own senses, violently abusing those who, more honest than they, choose to employ their eyes, ears, and understandings in the investigation of the new field for inquiry opened by mesmerism. As usual, a contest begun in folly is continued in anger, and victory over opponents is now, we fear, more sought than the discovery of the truth.

In such a state of things, it becomes more than ever necessary that the subject-matter of the conflict should be removed from the heated atmosphere of the public arena to the cool shade of the study, where it may be scrutinized with impartial eyes, and its intrinsic worth measured by hands that have no other concern in the result than a desire to have the limits of its truth or falsehood. To this end we have, in previous numbers of *THE CRITIC*, suggested the formation of a society purposely for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of mesmerism, which shall assemble, not with any preconceived design to support or to oppose it, but with open eyes and ears and unbiassed minds to apply to it every test that combined sagacity can devise, and to measure by every means the precise limits of its truths and falsehoods; to make known honestly and unreservedly the results thus cautiously obtained; to expose and denounce the imposture if that they should find it to be, and to proclaim the truth as fearlessly should they be satisfied of its reality.

As *THE CRITIC* has more than trebled the number of its subscribers since this suggestion was first put forth, it may not be amiss briefly to state the outline of the proposition, for now that the winter is approaching, we hope the design will be put into action without further delay.

It is proposed that a society shall be formed specially and exclusively for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of mesmerism, to consist of ordinary members resident in London, and honorary members resident in any part of the country, the latter to communicate with the society, and to have the privilege of attending its meetings whenever they may be enabled to do so. An annual subscription of one guinea from ordinary, and half-a-guinea from honorary members, to be applied to the purpose of aiding the investigations of the society. It is to be an express rule that no person practising mesmerism for purposes of profit shall be admissible as a member; the very purpose of the society being to take it out of the hands of quacks and itinerant lecturers, and subject it to honest and impartial examination.

The society is to meet once in a fortnight; the meetings to be in the nature of a *soirée* held at the private house of each member in rotation, the entertainment being strictly limited to tea and coffee, so that no person may be deterred from joining it by fear of expense.

Such is the plan of the society originally suggested by *THE CRITIC*, and now in progress of formation. Perhaps we may here add that if any readers of *THE CRITIC*, whether in town or country, should desire to join it, the secretary will communicate with them if they will forward name and address to the publisher of *THE CRITIC* at the office, 29, Essex-street.

We should add that many members have already joined it, comprising medical men, whose studies will

greatly aid the researches of the society; barristers, whose experience in the investigation of evidence will insure its being thoroughly sifted; and clergymen, who will view it with the aid of the religious sanction.

We had written thus far when we received the new number of *The Zoist*, the contents of which are of singular interest, and must stimulate the desire to bring something like impartial and extensive investigation to a subject upon which such a mass of curious material could be gathered in three months as is here presented. We have not space, at the close of a long article, to do any thing like justice to this interesting publication, and therefore we shall again return to it; but we cannot omit the remarkable case of an operation performed at Leicester during the mesmeric sleep, of which a minute account is here given. It cannot fail to be read with profound interest by all who desire to relieve the sufferings of humanity. If the facts be true, what a blessing is thus opened to mankind! Surely it is worth the labour of investigating whether such an agent be existing or not. The narrative is authenticated by the signature of Mr. HOLLINGS, who introduces it with an account of the patient and her previous sufferings,—but we begin with the operation, the patient being a girl called MARY ANN LAKIN, aged twenty-three; it was performed on the 29th of August last.

"At about one o'clock on the day in question, I met by appointment, at the house of Mr. Lakin, Mr. Tosswill, and the gentlemen who had undertaken to assist him. I had, however, previously mesmerised his patient at eight o'clock on the same morning, in the hope of increasing her susceptibility. After the usual preparations had been completed, I requested all present to leave the room, previous to the introduction of the patient, with the exception of Mr. Downey, assistant to Mr. Tosswill, and the mother of the sufferer, who remained behind for the purpose of assisting to place her on the operation table, and of adjusting the pillows laid beneath her head. The latter, after she had completed this painful task, withdrew in natural and visible emotion, and I proceeded, without further delay, to use the means I had hitherto found successful in inducing the comatose condition of mesmerism. At this time I was in a state of much greater agitation than the individual I was endeavouring to compose to rest. A few minutes previously, she had undressed herself in the adjoining room for the operation, with an unflinching hand, and had shewn no perceptible sign of emotion upon being lifted on the table. Her pulse was now evenly beating at the rate of about 94 in the minute, while my own I had shortly before ascertained to be nearly 120. Nor was this to be wondered at, under the circumstances. I had never in the course of my life witnessed, nor desired to witness, a surgical operation; and the horror, felt to a greater or less degree, by all who are present, for the first time, on such an occasion, was, in this instance, united with a painfully oppressive sense of my own responsibility (since I was well aware, that had any untoward accident happened, I should have had my full share of obloquy), blended with a natural feeling of sympathy with the sufferer, and a distressing degree of uncertainty as to the entire efficacy of the means used for the temporary suspension of her consciousness. Under these difficulties, it was nearly ten minutes before the patient's eyelids, becoming more and more rigid, were at length slowly closed (the average time for producing this effect having for some days been about four minutes and a half), or the usual deep inspiration gave me reason to believe that the stage of insensibility had been attained. Although she had sunk into this condition quietly, and without any signs of perturbation, I remarked that as the mesmeric coma appeared to deepen, she seemed proportionally to sympathize with the emotion under which I was at the time labouring, a circumstance not difficult of explanation, if, as it has been often asserted, and in my opinion to a certain extent proved, the subject of mesmerism partakes, to a greater or less degree, of the sensations of the operator. Her respirations became sensibly more deep and rapid, and her fingers, when accidentally touched, closed spasmodically upon my own. The state of partial agitation I endeavoured to calm, by placing my left hand across her forehead, and having ascertained that her right arm, when ex-

tended from her body, might be rendered cataleptic, I desired the medical gentlemen who were waiting without, consisting of Dr. Shaw, Mr. Paget, Mr. Tosswill, and Mr. William Seddon (of the Leicester Infirmary), to enter. Of the operation which followed, which was performed by Mr. Tosswill, within five inches of the hip, by the circular method, I saw nothing, my eyes being, during the whole time, intently fixed upon the countenance of the patient. As it proceeded, the respirations were rendered still more frequent, and appeared to be attended with greater effort, as well as with moaning, and an occasional movement of the head from side to side. Her fingers also continued tightly to grasp my hand, but beyond this I observed no indications of suffering; nothing, in short, at any given moment, inconsistent with the character of deep, but very troubled slumber. Her eyelids, which were constantly quivering, as had been more or less the case whenever the same condition was induced, remained, without the slightest alteration, in the same relative position as at first, and it was remarked by Dr. Shaw, that they were at no time absolutely shut, but separated by an interval of about the tenth of an inch. Her lips also continued partially open, and were *wholly uncompressed* (this, too, was at the time noticed by Dr. Shaw as a most curious feature in the case), nor did a single exclamation escape them from the commencement to the end of the operation. In no instance was there either starting, or an attempt to raise her head from the pillow on which it reclined. Further particulars will be found in the notes furnished by Dr. Shaw. It may be as well, however, to add, that while Mr. Tosswill was engaged in removing the diseased leg, Mr. Paget undertook to support the limb, and attended to the tourniquet, in addition to assisting in the after tying of the arteries. The right foot was lightly sustained by Mr. Downey, whose notes, taken four hours afterwards, I am, by the kindness of that gentleman, enabled to subjoin to those of Dr. Shaw. The left foot was held, and the dressings and bandages afterwards supplied by Mr. Wm. Seddon, while Dr. Shaw, with his watch and note-book in hand, closely observed and commented upon the proceedings. I myself was, therefore, the only person stationed constantly at the upper part of the body of the patient, and I can most unreservedly assert, that with the exception of the mere weight of my left hand upon her forehead, no force whatever was used to keep her in a recumbent position. The amputation of the limb was effected in about two minutes and a half; the tying of the arteries, and of the femoral vein, which it was also thought necessary to secure with a ligature, together with the subsequent application and adjustment of the bandages, occupied nearly twenty-five minutes more. The patient was then lifted from the table by Mr. Paget and myself, and placed in her bed. After the instruments and materials used during the operation had been removed, and the room restored to its usual state of order, I poured a small quantity of wine and water from the spout of a teapot into her mouth, which she swallowed mechanically—an action considered, as I believe, by physiologists, to be perfectly compatible with a state of unconsciousness. She was then, by the direction of the medical gentlemen present, awakened quietly and gradually, by passes along the eyelids, and gently blowing upon her forehead. On being questioned as to her present feelings, and what she had experienced during the last half-hour, she replied that she was exceedingly faint, and now felt pain in the left foot; but that, during the time mentioned in the inquiry, she had been conscious of *no* pain, nor suffering of any description, except that she had dreamed some one was tying a string tightly round her *right* leg. I should observe, however, that the latter circumstance was mentioned, not of her own accord, but in answer to a question put by myself, for the purpose of ascertaining whether she had imagined any thing in particular while in the state from which she had just been aroused. She afterwards added to this account, that she had thought in her dream, that she had felt irritated with the person who was tying the string, and had given him a severe kick. On attending the same evening, by Mr. Tosswill's desire, for the purpose of insuring her, if possible, a tranquil repose during the night, she again solemnly assured me, in answer to my renewed inquiries, that she had been perfectly unconscious of the whole operation, asserting that had she the same trial to experience on the following morning, it would not give her the least uneasiness, providing she could

be certain of passing through it with as little sensibility. She had suffered more, she added, in very many dreams.

"This latter conversation occurred about six hours after the operation, when the patient appeared composed and cheerful, and was, moreover, exempt, as she affirmed, from all distressing sensations. During the afternoon, however, she had given, by her movements, as well as by her exclamations, unequivocal signs of intense anguish; the result, as it was supposed, of a spasmodic action of the muscles of the back and loins, and to which an anodyne of forty drops of the tincture of opium, administered shortly after the operation, appeared to afford no relief. Mr. Downey, who had been left in attendance with her, having sent intelligence of this state of things to Mr. Tosswill, that gentleman lost no time in returning to the patient's bedside, and having in vain attempted to mitigate her sufferings, by several times shifting her posture, was at length moved by her earnest and repeated entreaties, and the expressions indicative of excruciating suffering which were constantly escaping her, to have once more recourse to the aid of mesmerism. In a minute and a half he had succeeded in inducing the comatose state, and it was remarkable that, for the space of half an hour afterwards, the moanings of the sufferer were louder, the respirations deeper, and the clutching of her hands much more violent, than during any period of the late operation. By degrees, however, all these appearances of agitation subsided, and were succeeded by a sound slumber of two hours' duration, from which she awoke naturally, and entirely relieved from the torturing pain she had recently felt. Since that time the stump of the amputated limb has given her no annoyance. Her rest has, each succeeding night, been sound and uninterrupted, although it has not yet been thought advisable to discontinue the usual mesmeric sleep daily. She has suffered neither from thirst nor fever, has been allowed a generous diet, and is, I trust, rapidly progressing to a perfect recovery; about four-fifths of the incipient cicatrix of the stump being already formed by the first intention. By Mr. Tosswill's express wish, I was present for the purpose of inducing mesmeric insensibility during the first dressing. On this occasion, in consequence of Mr. Paget's letter, which had just appeared in the *Journal*, I was most particularly attentive to all that was passing, and I unhesitatingly affirm, that while the bandages and dressings, necessarily stiff, and requiring no slight force for their removal, were being withdrawn from the wound, the amputated thigh being at the same time not unfrequently handled,—not a single muscle of the face or body of the patient, with the exception of those concerned in respiration, varied to the extent of the eighth of an inch; while the left hand, which lay within a short distance of the mutilated limb, in what I conceived to be a very cramped and constrained position, continued, from beginning to end of the painful process in question, absolutely motionless.

"These are the principal circumstances, so far as they have come under my own observation, of a case which I cannot but consider as one not only deserving, but demanding, in no ordinary degree, the most serious and unprejudiced attention. I regret to find that, in some respects, the impressions made upon my own mind appear to have been altogether different from those conveyed to that of a gentleman whose friendship I very highly value, and to whose sound judgment I am most willing, on all points connected, however remotely, with the honourable profession he follows, unreservedly to submit my own. Yet, on deliberately revising my statement, I see nothing which I can conscientiously alter,—a circumstance which I the less lament, as I am well aware that the ancient dogma of the schools, 'that all things are received according to the quality of the recipient,' is as true of appeals to the senses, as of those made more directly to the understanding; and that of any number of witnesses to a remarkable event, each according to his peculiar temperament, or previously existing opinions, will, although in perfect good faith, and without the slightest intention to misrepresent or mislead, give an account more or less different of the whole transaction. Under these circumstances, if the majority of those present is rejected as inconclusive, I am contented to rest the merits of the case, so far as the operation is concerned, upon the notes of Dr. Shaw, taken during its continuance, and to the correctness of which all parties fully assented before quitting the room in which it had been performed."

It may be supposed that so extraordinary a case has

occasioned considerable excitement in Leicester, and the medical men have plunged into a violent controversy, some of them protesting, that because the girl moaned she was an impostor, and felt the pain, but would not express it; and that her declarations that she did not feel it were false; though they do not suggest any motive that could influence her to tell a lie. The impartial reader will form his own opinion, but the editor of the *Leicester Chronicle*, after patient investigation and minute inquiry from the various gentlemen present at the scene, thus expresses his conviction:—

"There is nothing like a little controversy sometimes in bringing out the truth. The letter of Mr. Paget, in last week's *Chronicle*, has served as a kind of filip to draw from the pen of Mr. Hollings one of the most gentlemanly, masterly, and scholar-like productions we have read for a long time; and from Mr. Toss will a clear, skilful, and effective vindication of the recent experiment from the doubt, and something worse than doubt, that has been cast thereupon. We feel certain the great majority of the public will have their faith in the truth and efficacy of mesmerism, as an important agent in surgical operations, strengthened by the two letters, and Dr. Shaw's notes. Not a word of comment could add to the force of either or any of the communications: they deserve a careful and candid perusal from every one. Not a person breathing, who has a spark of humanity or kind feeling in his breast, can fail to feel interested in the subject.

"If any confirmation were wanting as to the beneficial operation of mesmerism in the case of Mary Ann Lakin, we could add our own humble testimony to it, from personal observation of her appearance since the loss of her limb, and of the genuine character of the mesmeric sleep; and could also proffer our full conviction of the honesty of the whole proceeding. But such additional evidence is not needed, although it affords us pleasure to offer it, by way of spare subsidiary testimony."

CLAIRVOYANCE.—M. ALEXIS.

Our readers will perhaps remember, that on two former occasions we gave in this journal the details of some clairvoyant experiments we witnessed on M. ALEXIS, and of the integrity of which—greatly as the phenomenon shewn overpassed the ordinary limits of belief—we were conscientiously and thoroughly convinced.

Since then we were favoured by a gentleman—whose zeal in the cause of truth is only equalled by the industry and sagacity with which he pursues it—with narratives of some further tests of this clairvoyant's powers, to which, after the violently coloured articles of Dr. FORBES, already noticed in these pages, we readily give insertion, in order to neutralize in some measure his statements, and at the same time afford to the public additional evidence of the existence of this miraculous faculty.

We should premise that the writer of the following narrative is himself a medical practitioner, and that, until the application of the tests he used, he had been a sceptic.

"Having heard a great deal of the faculty of clairvoyance in the young man Alexis, I was extremely anxious to see him in the mesmeric sleep, that I might test his power most severely. On the morning of the day that I was to see Alexis, I folded a five-pound Bank of England note, and put it into a piece of paper just sufficient to cover it on both sides; on one side of the paper I wrote, in French, an account of what it contained, and on the other side I wrote the letters A. W. and placed the whole in a flexible leather card-case, wrapping it up in paper, folded it over at both ends, and sealed it. What the packet was or what it contained nobody knew but myself, and it was not for one moment out of my possession. Upon putting this into the hand of Alexis, he took my hand in his and squeezed me very tightly, and commenced by saying, 'that the packet contained two sorts of paper—that there was both writing and printing in it;' he then took a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the letters A. W. which he said were written inside, and which he wrote with a colon after each letter as I had written them. To these remarks, of course, I assented. He then said the packet contained a small miniature;

but as the recollection of the figure of Britannia on the corner of a bank-note did not occur to me, I denied his assertion; he repeated it, and said 'It was a picture of the Queen, that it was round, and that it had flowers round it, and that it was not done by my hand.' The fact of the engraving at the corner then occurred to me, and I again assented by telling him he was partly correct. I asked him if there was anything more, when, after some difficulty, he wrote the word 'England,' and then said 'he could not make out any more.'

"Subsequently, I was told that Alexis could rarely decipher any writing that was folded over and over, which accounted for his not being able to read more of what my packet contained."

It must be admitted that the above is a conclusive experiment. Nor is the one given letter which follows less so.

"45, Harcourt-street, Dublin.

"In a matter so much disputed as the fact of Alexis's clairvoyance, I do not think that any thing should be put forward on which the possibility of a doubt could hang. I premise this in order that you may understand why, although I was, as you say, successful in more than one instance, I should confine myself to a solitary fact. The others might be and were satisfactory to my own mind, but I think it better not to mention any thing which could be tortured into either jugglery or collusion; of course this fact must rest on my credit, as no one else could be cognizant of it.

"The experiment I tried was simply this—wishing to test the faculty attributed to Alexis, merely for my own satisfaction, I made my preparations on the morning of a particular day, when I was invited to be present at some experiments to be made upon him.

"I wrote the single word 'Algerie' in distinct characters upon a slip of paper, which I wrapped in several folds of thick writing paper, and put the whole into a cover, which I sealed, and placed in my pocket-book. I ought to mention that neither by sunlight nor candlelight was it possible to ascertain that there were any written characters within the cover. Not a human being was aware of what I had done. During the evening I placed the parcel before Alexis, then in a state of mesmeric sleep. He took me by the hand, and said, 'Is this yours?' 'Pensez-y-bien,' and then, without any aid on my part, wrote with a pencil on the cover the very word I had written in the morning; and, what was very curious, he wrote the same-sized characters that I had done, and as nearly as possible traced my letters. This may have been accidental, but it is worth mentioning. The only words I spoke to him upon the subject were merely to desire him to write the word, and not to say it, as I had observed that he was always most successful when compelled to concentrate his attention. I make no remark upon this fact, but leave others to draw their conclusions, as I did mine."

Chemistry Made Easy, for the use of the Agriculturists of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. J. TOPHAM, M.A. Second edition. Whittaker and Co.

THOSE who were the greatest sceptics now admit that the discoveries of science, and chemistry as one of its branches, may be applied to the improvement of the soil, with benefit both to the cultivator and the consumer. Wherever those universal truths dictated by nature have been seized and experimentalized upon by the scientific man, discoveries have been made, often of great and lasting value. The march of intellect with the agriculturist, as with all other classes, is "onward." The increased requirements of the nation have created a demand on the farmer's ingenuity and skill, and thus given rise to a class of agricultural thinkers. These have learned that a knowledge of chemical combinations, and of their applications to different soils, is necessary to a thorough tillage of the land. The aim of the present little work is to assist the agriculturist in his operations; to direct the farmer how to make the grand science of chemistry subservient to his will and his interest. Well does it perform its task. It enters at once into the subject. The author's style is agreeable, and the tech-

nicalities used are very few. Mr. TOPHAM has taken LIEBIG as his standard of authority, though the celebrated Sir HUMPHREY DAVY's discoveries are made available to a considerable extent. For agriculturists, this short essay will be an excellent one to begin with, and its intrinsic value and interest render it worthy the perusal of the general reader.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

St. Lucia; Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive. By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

A RESIDENCE of fourteen years in the island of St. Lucia has enabled Mr. BREEN to lay before the British public the first detailed and accurate account of it which has proceeded from the press. His volume possesses, therefore, a peculiar value. It is not the hasty narrative of a tourist sketching the mere external aspects of men and things as he passes by, but the store of information accumulated by a keen observer, who brings reflection to the aid of observation, and who has leisurably condensed and arranged the various knowledge which it had been the work of years to gather.

Hence it is that a single volume comprises all that Mr. BREEN has deemed to deserve publicity. Had he been a mere tourist, travelling through the island, two or three volumes would have been required to describe the panorama he had beheld; they would have been read as one of the books of the season, and with the season they would have perished and been forgotten. But the carefully written volume upon our table possesses a permanent value, which will commend it to a place in the library as a contribution to geographical and ethnological science.

In accordance with the important character of this work has been the treatment of the subject. It is not handled in the desultory fashion of tourists, but in due form and order; the geography of the island is first described, including under that term all that belongs to the aspect of the country; then its history; then its climate, soil, and productions, its geology and natural history; its inhabitants, their manners and customs, are painted in the fifth chapter; next its religious, its educational establishments; then its agriculture, its mines, its commerce; then its legal and judicial institutions; and, lastly, its government. All these topics Mr. BREEN has treated, not only with accuracy and research, but with a most commendable spirit of impartiality, awarding praise and censure without any discoverable bias of party or sectarian prejudice, a candour so rare that it should never be noticed without praise.

St. Lucia, as the reader knows, is one of the chain of the Caribbean Islands, which extends across the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe. It is forty-two miles in length, and twenty-one at its greatest breadth, having a superficies of 158,620 acres.

The scenery is represented as singularly romantic, mountains clothed to the very summits with magnificent forests intersecting it longitudinally. The loftiest of these are the two Pitons, rising respectively to the heights of 3,300 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many lesser eminences are scattered about the grand chain, and form with it the loveliest and most fertile valleys. Two great plains are found upon the island, one at the northern, the other at the southern, extremity; each contains a swamp of some extent, overgrown with marshy plants, and the resort of much game.

The greatest natural curiosity in St. Lucia is

THE SOUFRIERE, OR SULPHUREOUS MOUNTAIN.

"It is about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, and two miles to the east of the Pitons. The crater appears at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, between

two small hills, totally denuded of vegetation. It occupies a space of three acres, and is crusted over with sulphur, alum, cinders, and other volcanic matter; in the midst of which are to be seen several cauldrons in a perpetual state of ebullition.* In some the water is remarkably clear; but in the larger ones it is quite black, and boils up to the height of two or three feet, constantly emitting dense clouds of sulphureous steam, accompanied by the most offensive and suffocating stench. From the comparative heaviness of the circumambient air, these clouds generally ascend to the summit of the hills, and then shoot off horizontally in the direction of the wind. After remaining stationary for three minutes on any part of the crust, the subterraneous heat is sensibly felt through the strongest shoe—a circumstance which would seem to indicate that the volcanic focus is not confined to the boiling fountains. Indeed, it is only necessary to remove a small portion of the crust to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, and the water underneath will find a vent to the cavity, and transform it into a cauldron. Occasionally, fresh fountains spontaneously burst forth, and then some of the lesser ones are reduced to bubbling pools of liquid matter, which gradually subside and become quite extinct in appearance."

St. Lucia is well watered by many rivers, but in the dry season the smaller ones have not sufficient power to force their way into the sea, and form lagoons of stagnant water. The principal port is that of Castries, which has an excellent quay, and will admit the largest vessels to anchor close to the wharf.

The island is divided into two great districts, called the Windward District and the Leeward District; but there are other magisterial divisions. Castries is the principal town, and seat of government; it is situate at the extremity of the beautiful bay of that name. A portion of the plain on which it stands is below the level of the sea, and "formerly a practice was adopted by the local executive of granting certain portions of the *land under water*, on condition that the lots should be filled up and inclosed. But one part of the town is still a swamp, engendering fatal miasma; the streets are described as very filthy, notwithstanding the existence of two officers specially appointed to see the town cleansed.

The internal communications of the island are bad, and in some places dangerous. The only road between the Windward and Leeward districts is by a mountain pass called the Trace, which rivals in difficulty and terror the most difficult of the Alpine passes. The inhabitants of the extremities of the island chiefly conduct their intercourse in five-oared boats, called *pirogues*, the only danger of which proceeds from occasional gusts of wind; but the row is a lovely one:—

"The stupendous rocks, standing bare to view or scattered in detached masses at the base of the cliffs—the smooth expanse of ocean gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and the host of silvery clouds escorting the mighty monarch to the horizon: nor is there wanting either the silent serenity of the evening breeze, or the softening sadness of the creole boat-song, to breathe a halo over the solemn scene."

The history of the island occupies the two following chapters, but upon this we cannot enter. We shall find matter more fitted for our restricted space in the character of the country and the people.

Mr. BREEN admits that the climate is very unhealthy. Dr. EVANS, in his valuable treatise on the *Endemic Fevers of the West Indies*, thus describes its effects upon Europeans:—

"The arterial system is excited; the blood is determined to the surface of the body; the skin is either preternaturally warm and dry, or covered with profuse perspiration. There is a desire for cool drink, which, when taken into the stomach, increases the perspiration, until the clothes become saturated with moisture. The skin then becomes irritable and covered with a lichenous irruption, known by the name of 'prickly heat.' The body seems to have acquired, if I may use the

* The number of boiling fountains varies according to the intensity of the action of the crater. I counted fourteen of them in 1842.

term, an inflammatory diathesis, and if blood be taken from a person under these circumstances, it will be found to be of a brighter colour than in Europe. It will separate completely into its two parts, and the crassamentum will be firm and tenacious."

And again :—

"An European, or a native after a long residence in a temperate and healthy climate, arriving in St. Lucia, complains of a feeling of weight in the atmosphere—a something which resists the wish for exertion or exercise. Both his mind and body are oppressed; his intellect is clouded; his spirits are low and desponding, and all pre-existing love of enterprise vanishes. If his residence be protracted, he has slight febrile movements, which come on regularly or irregularly, not sufficiently severe to prevent him pursuing his usual avocations, but which, nevertheless, are sufficient to induce him to throw himself upon a sofa and require a powerful effort of resolution to combat. In this manner his body may gradually accommodate itself to the climate, but he may consider himself fortunate if he escape so easily. In general, if he be guilty of any imprudences, he feels restless at night, and can only sleep during the cool of the morning. He feels out of sorts; has pains in the back and extremities, as if from fatigue; he complains of head-ache, sickness, and nausea; and if these symptoms are not attended to immediately, suffers what is vulgarly called an attack of seasoning fever."

The mortality tables published by our author are startling indeed. He lays it chiefly to the account of intemperance, the English soldiers indulging in a noxious spirit called "white rum."

The climate is disagreeable. The cool months are November, December, and January, and this is "the season of colds and catarrhs, pleurisies and pulmonary consumption, and few escape!" says Mr. BREEN. May and June act as precursors to the hurricane months, and are thus pictured :—

"At times the heat and stillness of the air are quite suffocating; the rain descends in torrents: to say that it 'pours' would convey but an imperfect idea of the reality; it resembles rather the spouting of cataracts than the spilling of clouds. At other times, the atmosphere, big with the strife of the elements, yields its burden amid the broad blaze of lightning and the loud burst of thunder: the vividness of the one and the violence of the other are truly appalling. Thunder-storms, however, are never of long duration, and are usually accompanied by abundant rains."

If such are the precursors, what must be the successors? Behold them.

"There is no record of any hurricane before 1756, but since that period they have been of common occurrence, and have occasioned terrific scenes of devastation and a melancholy loss of human life. So intense is the feeling of awe with which the public mind is impressed by these phenomena, that the 'Miserere mei, Deus,' and other prayers, are offered up in the churches during the continuance of the hurricane months, and at the conclusion the 'Te Deum' is sung as a public thanksgiving. From 1756 to 1831, a period of seventy-five years, St. Lucia was laid waste by six hurricanes, the most remarkable of which occurred on the 10th October, 1780, 21st October, 1817, and 11th August, 1831. The hurricane of 1780 was probably the most destructive that has ever been experienced in this hemisphere. Its ravages extended over the whole of the lesser Antilles; but its main force was spent upon the central islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Martinique: the loss of human life in these four islands has been computed at 22,000 souls."

Now for a vivid picture of

A HURRICANE.

"The hurricane of August 1831, which I had the melancholy gratification of witnessing in St. Lucia, confined its ravages chiefly to that island, Barbadoes, and St. Vincent. Of the three, Barbadoes suffered most, St. Lucia least. Such was the violence of the wind, that in Bridgetown alone one-half of the houses and most of the public buildings were razed to the ground, and 1,500 persons lost their lives. In St. Lucia, on the day preceding the hurricane no very extraordinary appear-

ance was noticed in the atmosphere. Towards the evening the sky assumed a somewhat heavy and lowering aspect, which at that season of the year did not attract any particular attention. At about four o'clock on the morning of the 11th a strong breeze set in from the north, accompanied by heavy rain. At five the increasing violence of the wind began to excite strong sensations of alarm. By this time it had completely veered to the east, and exhibited every indication of a most awful hurricane. At nine it was at its greatest height, and gradually subsiding, dwindled into a perfect calm before two o'clock P.M. The hurricane did not last altogether more than eight hours, and even its violence did not continue during the whole of that time, but manifested itself by sudden gusts, spreading dismay and devastation on every side. The number of persons that lost their lives did not exceed ten or twelve, and these chiefly belonged to the shipping; but considerable damage was sustained by the shipping itself, by the different estates, and the houses in the towns of Castries, Soufriere, and Vioux Fort. Nearly every anchored vessel within the harbour drifted from her moorings: some were driven out to sea; others grounded in different parts of the bay; but these were set afloat again without serious injury.

"It is horrible to contemplate what might have been the fate of the inhabitants, had the violence of the storm assumed a further degree of intensity. As it was, from the fury and frequency of the gusts of wind and the incessant pouring of the rain, there was no means of escape from the building to which you happened to cling for protection. I cannot conceive any situation that presents such a shocking picture of human misery, as that of a West Indian town during a violent hurricane. The ravages of fire, however frightful and destructive, are generally confined to property: the danger and devastation of an earthquake are all over in a few seconds: but, during a hurricane, the melancholy looks, the wailing and wild despair, exhibited in the gradual transitions from anxiety to fear, and from danger to inevitable destruction, are appalling in the highest degree. Who has not pictured to himself the heart-rending spectacle of a shipwreck—the vessel tossed about by the fury of the winds and waves—its imminent perils—the foaming billows opening up their insatiable bowels to engulf the devoted victims, and then the disappearance and destruction of the vessel and crew? This is, on a limited scale, what occurs in the case of a hurricane. By the violence of the wind, as it veers from point to point, each house is transformed into a rocking vessel; shingles and tiles are fast swept away; the air is darkened with branches of trees and fragments of houses; the roofs, once exposed, begin to give way; the beams crack, the walls crumble down; crash succeeds crash; and in the space of a few hours not merely a ship's crew, but three, six, and sometimes eight thousand human beings lie buried in mutilated masses amongst the ruins of a whole city."

But hurricanes are not the only devastators of this unfortunate island. It is also visited by earthquakes. Though long, we make no apology for extracting Mr. BREEN's intensely interesting description of

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 8TH FEB. 1843.

"The third earthquake, one of the most melancholy events in the annals of human misery, took place on the morning of the 8th February, 1843. It lasted altogether about three minutes, and was felt more or less sensibly throughout the Caribbean Archipelago; but its direst ravages were destined for the devoted town of Pointe à Pitre, in the French island of Guadeloupe. At the period of this dreadful visitation the town contained a population of 18,000 souls, and 2,500 houses, of which no more than 200 were built of wood. Though not the seat of government, it was, in point of fact, the capital of the island; and for the elegance of its buildings, both public and private, and the extent of its mercantile relations, was justly considered one of the most flourishing cities in the West Indies. On the night preceding the earthquake a grand ball had been given, and many were still reposing from the fatigue of the festive scene. The Court of Assize had assembled for the administration of human justice: the principal hotel was thronged with strangers and planters from the interior, discussing matters of business, or seated together at the *table d'hôte*; and on the quays and along the streets trade and traffic were proceeding with their wonted bustle and activity. At the fatal

hour of twenty-five minutes to eleven there was heard a noise—a hollow, rolling, rumbling noise—as of distant unbroken thunder: the sea dashed tumultuously on the beach; the earth heaved convulsively, and opened up in several places, emitting dense columns of water. In an instant all the stone buildings had crumbled to the ground—a wide-spread heap of rubbish and ruins: and in that one instant—a dread, dreary, and destructive instant—five thousand human beings, torn from their families and friends, were ushered into the abyss of eternity. But the work of desolation did not stop here: scarcely had the earthquake ceased its ravages, when a fire broke out in several places at once; and such were the terror and confusion of the surviving inhabitants, that not a single house was rescued from the flames. In another instant the pile was lit up—the devouring element was sweeping over the immense holocaust; and a loud and lugubrious shriek from the living, and a long and lingering groan from the dying, had told the tale and sealed the doom of Pointe à Pitre, the pride of the West!

"The scenes of horror that followed it would be difficult to describe. Fathers ran about in search of their children—children screamed aloud for their mothers—mothers for their husbands—husbands for their wives: and the wild and wailing multitude that wandered over the ruins, in search of a mother, a father, a husband, a child, a brother, a sister, or a friend, found nothing but headless trunks and severed limbs. Rich and poor, black and white, planter and peasant, master and slave, all lay confounded in one vast sepulchre—all were crushed, calcined, or consumed—all hushed in the shadow of death or the silence of despair.

"The night that succeeded was a night of wretchedness and want—of sorrow and suffering. 12,000 inhabitants, without food, without raiment, without money, without means, without house, or home, or hope, had sought refuge under a temporary tent, erected in the open air. Who can depict, who imagine the visions of darkness and danger that haunted these widowed thousands, walking over the burning remains of the departed city? Three days did the devouring element, fed in its progress by a forest of projecting timbers, continue with unabated fury: three nights did the funeral pile send forth its lurid glare—a beacon to mariners, pointing to where Pointe à Pitre now stood no more.

"On the morning of the 9th the task of exploration began; but to enable the workmen to proceed without danger, it became necessary to batter down several walls and portions of houses, whose shattered impending fragments threatened destruction on all sides. In the space of one week six thousand bodies were dug out of the ruins, fifteen hundred of which were still living, but mostly in a horrible state of mutilation. These were immediately removed to the town of Baseterre, and placed under medical care; yet, sad to say, not more than one-third of them recovered. With regard to the dead bodies, an attempt was made at first to have them buried in the public cemetery; but, as the exploration proceeded, so many were found that it was resolved to have them sunk in the sea. On this melancholy task hundreds of boats were employed for several days. At length the inconvenience of the floating corpses, many of which were washed on shore, compelled the authorities to resort to the expedient of burning them in heaps, and this proceeding continued until the whole were dug out and consumed.

"What the ravages of the earthquake and the fire had left untouched, of population and property, was now exposed to the no less frightful scourges of pestilence and plunder. On the second day an attempt was made by some heartless depredators amongst the lower orders to ransack the Treasury and other buildings in search of the heaps of gold buried amongst the ruins; but, owing to the energetic measures of Governor Gourbeyre, who caused martial law to be proclaimed, five of the ruffians were apprehended and placed in irons. This example had the wholesome effect of arresting the further progress of an evil, which, had its contagious influence extended to the slaves in the interior, might have plunged the colony in irreparable ruin. Epidemic disease, the consequence of a pestilential atmosphere, was another source of serious apprehension. The stench, however, which was intolerable for several days, gradually disappeared; and when I visited the ruins on the 23rd March (six weeks after the earthquake) there was not the slightest offensive smell perceptible. It

appears that some of the soldiers employed in the exploration had gone mad; but this was attributed to the harrowing impression produced by the mangled appearance of so many human bodies."

(To be continued.)

Rides in the Pyrenees. By Miss SELINA BUNBURY. 2 Vols. Newby. 1844.

WHEN opening a new tour, the first thing we seek to discover is, whether the author has travelled in the usual humdrum method, or has had the good sense and courage to seek the opportunities of observation which your regular tourist cannot hope to obtain. This once ascertained to our satisfaction, our hopes brighten, and rarely are they deceived. Of the justice of this test, *The Rides in the Pyrenees* has afforded another example. Miss BUNBURY sought not to make, and still less to write, a fine or fashionable tour; she had wandered about in the true knight-errant style, in search of some friends, and had enjoyed her rides and her rambles so much, in spite of her solitariness, that she thought "it a great pity that all should not be printed." And a great pity it would have been, for her readers would have lost a most agreeable book, just when the dearth of new publications renders its arrival so welcome.

Miss BUNBURY, in the first few pages, shews her fitness to enjoy a tour herself and interest those who, sitting at home snugly ensconced by the parlour fire, wish to wander without the trouble of moving and the still greater trouble of paying. She leaves her party, who are hurrying on to Paris, to visit Abbeville, and ascend the canal-like Somme to Amiens. She thus had an opportunity of seeing a class of people with whom travellers rarely mix, and she then remarked—what all who have seen any thing of them will acknowledge to be true, that—

"The lower classes commonly talk of a revolution, wish for a revolution, and say there will be a revolution when Louis Philippe is dead—when, as one of these people said, they would soon be at the gates of London."

She might have added that they very commonly believe that they would be joined by many of the English, as soon as their fraternizing troops made their appearance. After a stay in Paris, which Miss BUNBURY very properly does not detail, she received an invitation to join some friends at Pau. How to get there all by herself was a problem, and the way in which she solved it must not a little have astonished her French acquaintances. By good fortune, a rheumatic old gentleman, Monsieur de M— was, going to Pau also, and accordingly, under his escort, she started. An effective protector he would have made, forsooth, "with his crutch conveniently placed beside him, his large blue cloak beneath him, a bottle of syrup, a little paper of sweet cakes, and another containing lumps of white sugar placed in the pocket!" However, Orleans was reached in safety, and Miss BUNBURY gained admission to the antiquarian treasure-house of Monsieur ROMAGNESI, who has collected every thing that he could possibly lay his hands upon relating to the heroine whose memory the English—perhaps much more than the French—cherish and venerate—Jeanne d'Arc. She there saw the banner that was presented to the town by FRANCIS the First, and which contained a likeness of the hapless Maid of Orleans. She thus describes it:

"In the centre the patroness of poor Jeanne, the Virgin Mary, and the infant Saviour, are represented, with King Charles the Seventh kneeling at her right side to receive a ring which the child is bestowing; the patron saint of the French monarchs, St. Denis, is beside him; and on the other side of the Virgin is the heroine, a most remarkable figure, and one that conveys an idea of truthfulness as well as good design. She is kneeling with clasped hands; in full armour,

her sword by her side, but instead of the helmet her beautiful auburn hair, which still, through the shade of years and dust, gleams on the dingy canvas, is parted straight from her expressive forehead, and hangs bound by a fillet behind her back.

"The expression of the countenance is one of deep and melancholy enthusiasm; an expression increased by the peculiarly deep-set eyes, which are of a bright brown colour, and something in the formation of the mouth, that scarcely seems to be derived from the imagination of the painter. The background consists of a view of part of the old town as it then stood.

"It is to be wished that a copy could be made of this remarkable subject, for, alas! even the banner that contains Jeanne d'Arc's effigy, though preserved by Monsieur Romagnesi, is not eternal: it is black and dingy with years, and has already had two narrow escapes from destruction; once in a conflict with Huguenot swords, gashes and cuts of which it yet retains, when they fought against what they considered a popish relic; but how they came not to exterminate it I know not. Its next escape was from those who fought, not for, but against religion; the *fleur-de-lys*, that adorned it, and not the picture of the Virgin, were the object of attack; and during the revolution it was hid in a garret, where it remained, I believe, until removed to the cabinet of M. Romagnesi."

Our travellers steamed down the sunny Loire together, and Miss BUNBURY pleasantly reminds us, in a gay gossiping strain, of the sternly dark contrasts that the historical associations afford to the brightness and cheerfulness of the scenery. There is Clery, the burial-place of Louis the Eleventh, who honoured the Notre Dame de Clery with his choicest gifts and most devout prayers, and never performed a particularly atrocious deed without previously beseeching her assistance, or her subsequent intercession. There is the old castle of Blois, "frowning over its quiet waters; its green willow beds" where the gallant GUISES were murdered; there is Ambrose, where met the "stout Earl WARWICK" and MARGARET of Anjou, and in their compact for revenge upon EDWARD the Fourth buried their deadly hatred of each other; and where, also, Protestant blood flowed in torrents that almost rivalled those of the night of St. Bartholomew." The castle of Giles de Betz, the original Bluebeard, Angers and Nantes, fill in the darker shadows of this historical retrospect, while Chervonceaux, the only place suggestive of joyous thoughts—the abode of DIANA of Poitiers—is built upon a tributary stream.

Miss BUNBURY is an honest tour writer, and cares not to relate stories and incidents which raise a laugh at her own expense. Such is her mistake in pronouncing "*confiseur*" as "*confesseur*," which leads to an unexpected interview with a priest who hurries to shrive his fair penitent, and retires as precipitately; and her inroad upon the inhabitants of the Châteaux of Chervonceaux. This want of tact and caution gave rise to many of the amusing incidents and adventures which befel our fair tourist in her "rides." Arrived at Pau, she finds to her dismay that her friends are not there, but are supposed to be at the waters of Cauterets. Monsieur M— was ordered there also by *le médecin*, and the curiously assorted pair started once more under each other's escort. Thirteen hours are passed in the diligence between Pau and Cauterets, a distance of forty-two miles; but the variety of faces to be seen among "the world" of the baths, compensates for the tediousness of the journey. She thus describes the scene:—

"I went along about a mile and a half from the town, to these salutary springs, which lie at the foot of a bare granite mountain; the road was up-hill all the way, a wild desolate-looking scene, its sides strewn with the wrecks of mountains, over some of which the river, or *Gave de Martadon*, sweeps along.

"The road itself is uninteresting; nevertheless it presents as curious a spectacle as most roads do on a fine autumnal morn-

ing. There is the peasant woman of the Pyrenees in her red or white capulet with its black border; her hands still twirling the distaff, as if health-seeking, or what is sometimes the same thing, distraction-seeking, not to supplant spinning. There is the veritable invalid dragging his or her limbs along the toilsome way, too poor to pay for a chair and its porters; and there is the French frippery tourist, with his red, Bearnais sash, seen there because '*tout le monde*' is there. There is the monk in sackcloth, trying if the waters are an antidote to fasting; and the poor Spaniard, looking as if he sought a cure for the effects of starvation, carrying gracefully, over one shoulder, what looks like the white and black cloths our horses are exercised in; dignity and pride in his air and mien.

"There is the stray face of a pallid nun, or Sister of Charity, and the rosy one of a French or English *demoiselle*, who has no definite business there.

"In the season there are abundance of English people; and at the end of the season there are abundance of priests. There too may be seen the Spanish *grandée*, enveloped in his ample cloak, and his head wrapped round in a coloured handkerchief; and Spanish females too, the third part of a cheek, and nearly the whole of a pair of dark eyes, peeping out from the *capuchin* that is drawn over their heads: there are sights that touch the heart, that pale, young *conducteur*, for example, in his official dress, and his forehead swathed in a handkerchief, supported by a healthy brother official; perhaps he has been injured by an accident, and here he seeks for that cure that will enable him to gain his bread again. Then there are the victims of excess, and the sour-looking, chronic invalids, and the curious-looking sedan-chairs (*chaises à porteurs*) borne on poles; in which sometimes an interesting face may be seen; and which sometimes contain those whose chief malady is idleness; an abundance of ease and little care for others so often brings on care for oneself.

"I was amused with a sight I saw in or rather out of one of these chairs. Unlike ours, it is only like an arm-chair on poles, with a head and a canvas covering in front. The ladies or men sit on it, the feet resting on a step, and a blanket generally over them in front, so that the contents of the chair are perfectly impervious to all eyes. One of these passed me most completely covered in front, but, as the bearers ascended the steep long hill, and I toiled after them, I had a strange view behind of a pair of white stockings, full length visible; for how the lady contrived to get in, so as to dispose in such a manner of her garments and mufflers, I cannot imagine, but certain it is that her legs, unlike Achilles' heels, appeared to be the only part that was vulnerable."

At Cauterets, however, no friends were to be found, so onward to St. Sauvern does Miss BUNBURY gallantly proceed, mounted on a sure-footed brisk pony, and guarded by a melancholy Jacques as guide. The following extract conveys a lively account of what she saw in the first of her "rides:"

"After this, dark fir-forests and a rougher and more difficult path commenced, but the latter not so much so as to make me wish for the *chaise à porteurs*; a sudden halt of my guide made me imagine he thought otherwise, with one hand he took my rein, and with the other my arm. 'What was the matter?' I demanded. '*Il faut descendre*,' was the only reply; but why it was necessary to descend I knew not. I was down in a moment; I saw a beautiful rushing torrent and I heard its wild music, but Jean wanted me to see more.

"A black mass of decayed vegetable matter, intersected by roots of trees and blocks of rock, seemed no pleasing region to enter upon; but assuring me I had yet seen nothing, he hurried me on a little way down this steep miry path, and then exclaimed, '*Voilà l'arc en ciel*!' I looked up, but instantly recalling my eyes, I beheld below me a beautiful rainbow shining in its varied and most brilliant hues along the cold, wet, perpendicular rocks that bound within its impassable beds, the chafing sides of that beautiful cascade, known by the name of Ceriset.

"Jean did not allow me long to gaze upon it; gripping my arm rather too tightly with one hand, he planted his pole with the other in the moist, slippery earth, and half lifted, half led me down the rough toilsome descent, where no footmarks pointed out the frequent resort of visitors. During

our progress, a few useful words were incessantly uttered, 'Ici—là—non pas—comme ça—ici—là non pas—comme ça,' and so we reached the foot of the torrent; and I gazed up at it and enjoyed the sight,—the scene, the sound. But glad I was, at the same time considering that I had but one bonnet in my possession, that the guide had accidentally my umbrella in his hand; a shower of spray would have spoiled my black satin for ever, and the tall dark fir-trees dropped down from their lofty heads in a more condensed form the portion they received.

"Dripping with wet, as I emerged again into the bright sunshine, I could not forbear smiling at my own drenched appearance, while I saw two elderly Frenchmen, quietly waiting on horseback, evidently resolved to know the result of my excursion before making it themselves. Hats were of course raised—'Had the cascade given Madame pleasure?' one demanded; 'Did Madame consider it worth the trouble of descending?' the other inquired. A very warm 'oui' despatched both cavaliers to the spot I had left, and I had the pleasure of re-mounting, and continuing my lovely, toilsome, solitary way.

"Lonely as it was, without an accident or adventure, I rode up on the platform that opened to me the sublime scenery of the *Pont d'Espagne*: the bare, granite cliffs elevating their spires and pinnacles at one side, and the dark fir mountains closing you round at another. It was a scene of solitary magnificence; silently I had got down without Jean's aid, and nearly thrown myself over the bridge, composed of trunks of pine, which gives a name to that wildly beautiful spot.

"At this moment I heard a French voice saying that this was a good place for curing the spleen: I turned round my head from a view of the fall caused by a junction of two Gaves, or mountain torrents, which here leap into one another's arms, and in tumultuous joy rush headlong on, celebrating their union with that mountain melody so suitable to the scene around; but the honeymoon is speedily over, and each takes its own way very soon after.

"The spleen! I repeated, with most silly simplicity, or absence of mind, looking at the speaker, who was one of the Frenchmen I had sent to the Cascade of Ceriset—'the spleen!—what is it?'

"Do you know what it is which makes so many of your country people kill themselves?'

"I did not know exactly, but I thought that a temptation to the deed might almost be found in such an interruption."

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Arthur Arundel: a Tale of the English Revolution. By the author of "Brambletye House," &c. London, 1844. Colburn.

FOR several years the two brothers, JAMES and HORACE SMITH, were the delight of the gay and social circles of that metropolis, the peculiarities of which they have so happily illustrated. Their talents, their classical acquirements, their *savoir faire*, combined with great good-humour and other engaging qualities, entitled them to this distinction, which HORACE SMITH still survives to enjoy. Long may he do so! JAMES, alas! is gone. He no longer lives to enliven the drawing-room or the green-room, the gala or the festive board. But his memory is still cherished, his absence still regretted, his songs still echo in the ear, his good things still dwell on the imagination, his puns are still laughed at, and his impromptus have passed into traditions.

Perhaps with the single exception of HOOK, whose unaided efforts in the *John Bull* agitated an empire, the SMITHS have contributed more largely, and with more success, to the current literature of their day, than any of their contemporaries. If their sketches sometimes lack the pungency and raciness of HOOK, they are written in better taste, and display better feeling. There is nothing coarse or acrimonious in their humour—nothing biting or savage in their satire—no partisanship—no tomahawking—no outrage on private feelings or

public decorum—no ridicule cast on individuals or classes because they happen to live in a particular district, or have their street doors better painted or kept in better order than their neighbours. The description of the Skipper's house, in *Maxwell*, may be given as an example, for which HOOK is highly censurable. The castigation he bestows on professional people, and people of moderate fortunes, of aping the aristocracy, is not only just, but commendable. The evil is wide-spreading—a canker eating into the very heart's core of our social system; but when he attempts to bring into discredit that love of neatness and cleanliness so prevalent among the middle and lower classes in this country, we turn from him with loathing, and execrate his heartlessness.

In addition to "Endymion, the Exile," "Imitations of Horace," with other clever and witty papers in the *Monthly Mirror*, THE SMITHS supplied *Colburn's Magazine* for a considerable period with a series of articles, which rendered that journal, with the exception of *Blackwood*, the most attractive periodical of the day. The majority of these were afterwards published, in three volumes, under the title of *Gaieties and Gravities*. The brothers, too, dabbled in the drama, and were decided *Dangles*. They lounged among the *coulisses*, chatted with the actresses, helped authors to jokes, and placarded impromptus in the green-room. HORACE wrote a comedy which had a respectable run. JAMES was not so fortunate in his farce, but met with better success in his epilogues. He also wrote *The Trip to Paris* for MATHEWS, besides several songs, which took so well that the latter pronounced the author "the very best writer of nonsense of his day." But what established the reputation of the SMITHS, and is, beyond all question, their most talented production, was their *Rejected Addresses*. We well remember the sensation produced by these admirable *jeux d'esprit*, as well as the difficulty we experienced, some years after, in obtaining a copy of the eighteenth edition to send to a friend in New York. Perhaps better parodies were never written—certainly not in our own language. The authors were courted and caressed by all classes, and by none so much as the poets they had so happily parodied. SCOTT, in particular, was in ecstasies at the imitation of *Marmion*, written, if we mistake not, by HORACE SMITH, who has since essayed to imitate this distinguished writer in works of a more sustained and elaborate character, of which we are about to speak.

Among other invitations, the brothers received tickets to the *conversazione* of a certain fashionable countess, which, according to the *on dit*, they declined on the plea of a pre-engagement to *eat fire and grin through a horse collar* at Sadler's Wells.

No doubt the success of "The Waverley Novels" induced HORACE SMITH to abandon a path he had trod with such distinction, and measure his strength with the Giant of the North. We wish we could congratulate him on the result. But, alas! like GRATTAN, JAMES, and all other competitors who have ventured to run against the Giant, he has been distanced. To adopt O'KELLY's words, it is "SCOTT first—the rest nowhere." *Brambletye House* has been much lauded by the press; and it is a clever production—a very clever production. *Constance* is powerfully portrayed; so is the desolation and remorse of the regicide. Plots, counterplots, and "hairbreadth 'scapes" abound; some of the humorous scenes are diverting, nor could STERNE'S Critic find any flaw in its unities or dimensions. Still—

"We do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

In spite of the quality of the ingredients, and the industry with which they are worked up, the composition is heavy. It lacks that *mens divini*—that magical and pervading spirit which, in such creations as *Old Mortality* and *Kenilworth*, enchains our imaginations, rouses

our sympathies, and, abstracting us from aught else sub-lunary, hurries us on with the force and impetuosity of a mountain torrent to the catastrophe. *Arthur Arundel*, Mr. SMITH's last production, though inferior in bustle and character to *Brambletye House*, is, on the whole, less obnoxious to the charge of heaviness than its predecessor. The time of action is well chosen. The hero and his brother are well contrasted, the style throughout is pure, the sentiments are just, and the story tolerably well conducted, though by no means so complicated or so spirit-stirring as a little close thinking might have made it. Why keep James, why keep the Prince of Orange, so much in the back ground? Surely these personages might have been more closely connected with the fortunes of Arthur and Rupert Arundel with advantage to the plot. SCOTT most assuredly would not have kept these potentates in the green-room during nearly the whole of the performance. What would *Ivanhoe*, what would *Quentin Durward* have been, had he made mere walking gentlemen, or second-rate characters, of Richard, Louis, and Philip of Burgundy? Had Rupert Arundel secretly embraced the Jacobite party, insinuated himself into the confidence of James, and, for the purpose of obtaining the means of indulging in his profligate courses, taken advantage of the confidence reposed in him by his brother to exercise a mysterious and baneful influence over his fortunes and his destiny, a much stronger interest might have been created; startling situations would have presented themselves, and the two principal personages would have occupied a more prominent position in the *tableau* than is the case as it now stands. As a favourable specimen of the work, we extract the interview between Arthur Arundel and Madame de Maintenon, to whom he is presented by his friend Wardour, the Jesuit, at Versailles:—

"Notwithstanding her age and a slight inclination to embonpoint, Madame de Maintenon, so far from having lost any portion of her beauty, was, perhaps, handsomer than ever. Her figure was striking and majestic. A profusion of hair, still retaining its bright chestnut hue, gave embellishment to a slightly aquiline nose, a gracious well-cut mouth, a complexion which, without the aid of rouge, bloomed in all the freshness of youth, and the finest eyes in the world; black, brilliant, and impassioned; sometimes sparkling with intelligence, sometimes beaming with an expression of soft melancholy. Her usual air, however, was at once sweet and joyous, noble and modest. Though formed of the richest materials, and arranged with a becoming and even a fashionable grace and elegance, her dress, both in colour and style, presented a decorous, and almost severe simplicity, which harmonized well with the character of its wearer. In all this there was no affectation, for she really seemed to be the only person ignorant of her own charms, whether personal or mental. After the bowing and obsequious bevy by which she had been at first surrounded became dispersed, Arthur was presented by his friend, and met with a very gracious reception. In his ignorance that the Court etiquette, which now scrupulously extended to Madame de Maintenon the ceremonials of royalty, prohibited his commencing a conversation, he ventured to express the regret with which he had heard of her indisposition, and his hope that it would speedily be removed, an inadvertence for which his friend commenced an apology, when he was interrupted by the lady's exclaiming—'Nay, nay; do not deprive me of a sympathy which has the appearance of being sincere; a rare pleasure in a court, where many think that nothing but pleasures are to be found. Alas! it cannot give us health, nor, consequently, happiness—the great objects of existence. But I am better, thank Heaven, and I hope shortly to be as well as ever. Has the Château of Versailles answered the expectations of Mr. Arundel?'

"It has in every respect infinitely surpassed them. I am utterly amazed at its magnificence."

"And yet how little need has the king of all these stately accessories. Magnificence, unless where it includes the triumph of literature and the arts, is but a barbaric display. Real grandeur needs it not; its greatness is intrinsic; the most

gorgeous pageant of material splendour fades before the all-eclipsing brilliance of a single virtue. How dazzling must be their brightness when they are galaxied in a single bosom! The proudest glory of Versailles is the magnanimous tomb of Louis-le-Grand.' Arthur bowed respectfully, Wardour obsequiously, as if in acquiescence, when the former added:—

"The philosophy of Madame de Maintenon has doubtlessly raised her above the thoughts of human splendour."

"Alas! philosophy cannot raise us above ennui; above regret for our wasted youth. Where such feelings exist, they can only find consolation in religion."

"One would think, nevertheless," said Arthur, "that the gaieties of a court must have great attractions, especially for those to whom they present the charm of novelty." Wardour, colouring with confusion at this unlucky speech, twitched the coat of his companion in the hope of rendering him more guarded; but the lady again checked him with a gracious smile: "Once more I beg that you will not interrupt the frankness of your friend, which is a real treat to me, from its possessing the very charm of novelty to which he alluded. Every one knows the obscurity in which my youth was passed, nor can any one be more surprised than myself at the station I now occupy. But you are mistaken, Mr. Arundel, in supposing that a court life is the more attractive from being totally unexpected. On the contrary, I believe that one ought to have been born to its restraints, and the wearisome monotony of its routine, in order to endure them with common patience." "Surely it must be grateful to be the object of such a general homage as I have this day witnessed;" and he bowed, to shew that he alluded to the eager and general devoirs with which his auditress had just been honoured.

"If the rising sun foresaw that it ceased to be in the ascendant, would it feel flattered by the worship of its votaries, however fervent might appear their zeal?" Arthur had tact enough not to make any reply to this question; but as if he were fated to say something *mal à propos*, he recurred to the costly magnificence of Versailles; adding that it had struck him the more from the contrast it presented to the general poverty of the country, if he might judge of the whole from what he had seen.

"Madame will have the great goodness to pardon my friend," began Wardour, intending to urge his youth and his inexperience of courts as an excuse for this ungracious speech; but he was interrupted by a gentle wave of the hand, and the words—

"Again I entreat you not to interfere; I have been so much accustomed latterly to a suppression of truth, if not to an absolute predominance of falsehood, that it is refreshing to me to hear the opinions of an ingenuous and simple-minded man. Let me assure you, however, Mr. Arundel, that although your impression has been shared by other foreigners, who have doubtless condemned the splendour of Versailles as a painful and impolitic antithesis to the general penury of the lower orders, you have drawn erroneous conclusions from the contrast. To a Frenchman, however destitute may be his plight, his loyalty is his religion; and he would no more be offended by the magnificence of the sovereign's palace, than by the glories of the Lord's temple. Both are too far removed from him to excite envy, or any other feeling than an awe-stricken and devout admiration. External grandeur, and even real power, as I have already admitted, may be of little value to the possessor; but by those who can never hope to attain them, especially if they can flatter themselves with being in any way associated, however remotely, with their display, they are contemplated not only with delight, but pride. While exulting in the wealth and parade of his master, the humblest menial imagines himself to be supporting his own consequence; and the poorest Frenchman feels himself elevated, not depressed, when he can point, as he ever does, with a natural and most excusable vanity, to the magnificence of Versailles, and the glories that surround his beloved monarch, Louis le Grand."

Feats on the Fiord: a Tale of Norway. By Miss MARTINEAU. C. Knight and Co.

THIS delightful work is the eighth of Mr. KNIGHT'S *Weekly Volumes for all Readers*. It has already appeared in a series termed *The Playfellow*, from which, by per-

mission of the benevolent authoress, this work has been detached, and thus it will be conveyed into thousands of homes, where, in its costlier form, its treasures of instruction and of amusement never would have been diffused.

If there be any of our readers to whom the *Feats on the Fiord* is not already familiar, let us inform them that it is a tale descriptive of Norwegian life, and told so delightfully, that the elders of a household will vie with the children in eagerness to read it or to hear it read. Nowhere has Miss MARTINEAU more attractively put forth her powerful genius, and more impressively taught the lofty morality which she practises as well as preaches, than in this beautiful tale, which ought to be in every house, where we trust ere long that it will be placed, now that it can be purchased for a shilling! We will not mar the pleasure of perusal by anticipating the story: we say to our friends no more than this:—"Read it; you will thank us for the recommendation!"

POETRY.

The Wars of Jehovah, in Heaven, Earth, and Hell: in nine Books. By THOMAS HAWKINS, Esq. With eleven highly finished Engravings, by JOHN MARTIN, Esq., K.L. London, 1844. Baisler.

THIS strange production will mightily perplex the reviewers. A large volume, superbly bound, beautifully printed, on the finest paper, and profusely illustrated by a famous artist, cannot fail to recommend itself to notice. The title-page will first startle the complacency of the reader. An epic in nine books is by no means an agreeable prospect for those who have learned by experience how terrible a task is the perusal of a modern epic. And then the theme! Heard you ever the like? *The Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell!* Some will recoil in dread, some in dislike, from the very announcement of such a subject. Others will be inclined to pronounce it blasphemous, and to charge the poet with a deliberate design to bring religion into contempt, not only by the familiar treatment of that which should be contemplated only in silent awe, but by daring to unite two such opposite ideas as those of Deity and war. But such a judgment would be too harsh, and too harshly pronounced. Mr. HAWKINS certainly entertained no anti-religious purposes when he set himself to the composition of his epic. He writes with the utmost seriousness, and without the slightest apparent consciousness that he is trespassing beyond the limits assigned by reverential awe. The poet dedicates this unique volume to the Queen, modestly expressing his hope that it will "serve as a mark for your Majesty's reign unto the latest posterity;" and after reminding her that her predecessor boasted a SPENSER and a SHAKESPEARE, he hints that VICTORIA will probably have a nobler genius whereof to boast—in HAWKINS.

Let us turn now to the poem thus prefaced; and perhaps the shortest method of conveying to our readers a notion of the design of this extraordinary work will be to transcribe some prominent points of the Argument prefixed to each of the Books.

Book the First is thus introduced:—

"The author recalls the circumstances attending the creation of the soul, and addresses Memory; he next invokes the spirits of the earth; then, calling upon adorable Jehovah, commenceth the history of the wars. The poem then describes the assembling of the universe, and outlawry of the arch-gent Lucifer. He rises and seduces a third of the angels. The generation of Chaos and Night. The meeting of the seven archangels; Lucifer holds a council; what Apollyon and others said; whilst they are in debate a terrible accident overtakes them. A description of Chaos, with whom the revolvers invade the inner heaven. Chaos, panic-struck, flies, and in his flight, destroying Lucifer's realm, dashes with the

ruins over the battlements of heaven. The fight of the Arch-gent and Chaos in space.

This is the Poet's summary of the contents of the first book. It will be unnecessary to extract the Arguments of the rest. Suffice it to observe that they proceed, in a similar strain, to describe how "Night follows Chaos and Lucifer into space, and there conceives by both the Undying Worm;" the advent of the rebel angels, and the battle that ensues, in which he says, "Lucifer and the three archangels meet with so tremendous a shock that the whole chaos is shivered to pieces." The fourth book opens with an apt illustration of the near alliance of the sublime and the ridiculous. Mr. HAWKINS thus sets forth its argument:—

"The Poet, alluding to certain wrongs, addresses a false shepherd, and then hastens into the action of this Book, which gives the description of Lucifer's descent from before heaven to the sun."

Lucifer rallies his discomfited bands, goes to the star Sirius, and seizes Adramelech's throne, and then returns to the sun, "which had been built upon and fortified during his absence." The sixth book describes what was doing on the other side, how Uriel and Sacrael go forth against Lucifer; they fight, and Lucifer being beaten, "retires to the centre, rends the sun asunder, and dies."

So end the wars in Heaven and Earth. The seventh book opens the wars in Hell; but that and the remainder of the poem is devoted mainly to a versified history of the creation and of the human race, and to their deliverance from the thralldom of Satan by the death of the Saviour. But we cannot resist the temptation to extract *verbatim* the Argument of the concluding book. It runs thus:—

"The assembly of all the holy angels, with the coronation of Christ. He maketh war against the King of Hell. The souls of the redeemed. Christ enters hell alone, confronts Lucifer, who is driven with all the rebellious, Hell, Chaos, and all, into the bottomless pit. The book concludes with a general notice of what passed on the earth during this last drama, and the eulogium of Queen Victoria, to whom the poem is inscribed."

The reader being thus informed of the general scheme or plot, if we may so term it, of this epic, let us now acquaint him with the manner of its composition.

And that is as strange as the design. Mr. HAWKINS has in both exhibited equal boldness, in defiance of all acknowledged standards and rules of authorcraft. Having ventured upon a theme far beyond the flight of any ordinary fancy, he has treated it in a style and with language which vulgar capacities will find it extremely difficult to comprehend. Whether it was that the words in common use were insufficient to express his extraordinary ideas, or whether Mr. HAWKINS was resolved to add further to the renown of VICTORIA's reign by adding a new dialect as well as an immortal poem to the glories of this century, will be a problem for future commentators; but certain it is that every page exhibits a coinage of words, such as a German has seldom, an Englishman never, attempted before. It is to this original feature of the ponderous epic upon our table that we are willing to ascribe its incomprehensibility. We, who love the Queen's English so well that we are always loath to substitute for it any other tongue, confess ourselves fairly left floundering in the dark regions of common-sense by the soarings of Mr. HAWKINS. Such passages as these are flights beyond our merely mortal vision:—

THE FALL OF LUCIFER.

"Beyond the term
Of time, through the unmeasurable wilds
Of space he plough'd through uniform blank,
Until the voices of the living host—
Apostates—in discordant manner smote
His awicles: he overtook present
His frenzied hosts—frenzied the more to see

His fall ; for darkness horrified his face
With all his *habile* bands ; as on came he,
Like a fire-isle, like Stromboli a-sea,
Their solid span was cleft."

The great fight between Chaos and Lucifer is thus described :—

"When they writh'd, they writhed, or when
They folded, folded—it was still alike
To the great combatants—as unto men
What busy gossamers do to cobweb down ;
Now either leg, now an unconscious arm—
Thus Lucifer implacable ; no less
Implacable was Chaos. Where his brains
Had been, had he had any, through and through,
The arch apostate, groping out his hand,
Bringing amply down the sinister, he sent
Upon the hollow vertex so, 'twas smash'd
In, altogether in ; and then let loose
Were his ; such as alone he had conceiv'd
Abstractions shocking ; save ! oh save me from
The fate of Athamos ! but seeing these—
Losing perception, the most lovely seem
Hereafter horrid hue'd ; and what I prize
The dearest in this world, a lioness look,
More raging than the lion, which supports
Her queenly arms ; nor let me meet the doom
Of Actæon, burned so with an affright,
Even my friends shall field me. Legia ! thou
Aglope !—by the scared Sabines fear'd,
By Cape Licosa, ho ! the Sisters Three
Or more, ye Furies ! all ye wanton swine,
Th' Ænean metamorphos'd, welcome from
These of the dark, the blackness ; see, their teeth
To tear one ! see, their claws, together clenched ;
Their nameless nethermost ! what now ? the crop
Of Cadmus, springing from the dragon's teeth,
And venom'd as the seed ! To it they fell,
Like those on one another, those before
Hurl'd on all. Thus they, likewise
The two progenitors, whose breath was fire,
Fury : they raze as two charg'd comets raze
Each other when they meet ; they froth, they foam,
Like devils damnably ; they darken dash
Dauntless on death, who, were he there, were dimmed
And deadened ; smashing, smash'd, rending, riven,
Their skin stripped off in skeins, and hack'd and hewn,
Their most recalcitrant bodily of bone :
Awfullest action."

Here we pause to take breath. Reviewing these passages, which are fair specimens of the poem, we think our readers will agree with us that Mr. HAWKINS may lay claim to entire originality of thought and language. Moreover, he combines the transcendental and the familiar, associates the lofty and the low, with a daring peculiarity his own. Poetry such as this, we venture to assert, was never published, probably never written, before, and is not like to be again. It is the fashion to complain of a lack of independent and creative minds in this age. Here is one at last so very original and independent, so entirely beyond his age, soaring so high above the loftiest conceptions of his contemporaries, that we lay down the critical pen, despairing of ever properly appreciating the merits of his thoughts, because we cannot even understand the language in which he has expressed them. Perhaps our readers may be more fortunate in their translations than we have been ; at all events, they are bound, upon the poet's authority, to believe that, if they fail, it will be the consequence of their own immeasurable inferiority to the genius of Mr. HAWKINS, which soars far beyond the reach of the contracted vision of ordinary mortals.

Mr. MARTIN's illustrations are in his peculiar manner, some of them, as that of the Deluge, full of poetry in design, and admirable in execution. Others are mere sketches, too hastily finished, and, therefore, blotchy.

The publisher has displayed an exquisite taste in the getting up of this work. It is one of the handsomest volumes we ever handled. Can he know what he has thus enshrined so richly, or is he a *fine wit*, as well as the poet, and, therefore, boasts *the same alliance*?

PERIODICALS.

The Irish Missionary Magazine and Protestant Advocate, &c. No. I.

A RELIGIOUS miscellany, comprising the usual contents of such periodicals, essays on spiritual topics, some in-different poetry, reviews of pious publications, and home missionary intelligence. The primary purpose of this publication is, we presume, to collect and diffuse whatever relates to the progress of Protestant missionaries in Ireland.

The Presbyterian Review and Religious Journal. No. 66, for October.

THE title of this periodical sufficiently describes its design : it is another of the public representatives of a sect, which we have already noticed as tainting the literature of our age. Nevertheless, its purpose approved, it must be admitted that great ability presides over its execution. Like all Scotch periodicals, this is remarkable for its good sense and good taste. Its discussions are not limited to religious topics, it wanders occasionally into the flowery fields of polite literature ; witness the article on WORDSWORTH in the present number, which would not have dishonoured one of the quarterly reviews. A paper on "Religion in Geneva and Belgium," though imbued with sectarianism is deeply interesting, and may be read with profit by all sects.

This review is, we believe, the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, and accordingly it applies the usual stimuli to the pockets of its readers. There is a gathering at the end of information as to the progress of the Seceders, not only in Scotland but throughout the world.

RELIGION.

An Essay towards a new Translation of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, on the basis of the authorized version, with a Paraphrase, &c. By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A. London, 1844. Hamilton and Co.

THIS is a very curious and very learned pamphlet, whose purpose is best described in the title-page, extracted above. Mr. COOPER acknowledges that he is indebted to preceding commentators for some of the suggestions which he has here put forth, but many of them are entirely his own ; and their ingenuity will be admired even by those who doubt their propriety. He asserts in his preface, that he differs from most of those who have preceded him in this, that "instead of regarding the exhibition of the doctrine of justification by faith as the main design of the Apostle in this document, he looks upon this as being rather the means of which St. PAUL avails himself, with a view to an ulterior end, viz. the breaking down of "the middle wall of partition between the Jewish and Gentile Christians."

The work is printed in treble column, each in a different type : the first setting forth the argument, the second the translation according to *his* version of the sense of the original, the third a paraphrase, in which the strict letter is expanded, so as to convey the supposed intent of the Apostle. Some learned notes comment upon difficulties and doubts in the text. It is not our province to offer an opinion upon a production of this kind, but only to describe it ; and, having discharged this duty, we leave it to such of our readers as the theme may interest.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Nature, a Poem.

THE author, who informs us that he is aged 18 years, the precise age at which verse is perpetrated by the youth of all countries, but that he has indulged the poetical vein only in the intervals of business, has submitted to us a manuscript of moderate size, praying our

critical judgment upon its merits. He asks for an honest opinion, and he shall have it.

Let us at once candidly express our conviction that poetry is not the proper vocation of our friend, and we advise him to indulge in it only as a harmless recreation, and by no means as a serious pursuit. Nor let him seek to come before the public with his verses, for they are below the standard which has been erected by the fastidiousness of modern taste. We are not forgetful that he is young as yet, and that time and severe study would certainly improve him vastly. But we put it to his better judgment whether the harvest would be likely to repay the cost of cultivation. Does he feel that poetry is in him, boiling, heaving, striving for expression, claiming to go forth from him upon its divine mission, and that he must utter it or die? or does he not rather set himself to verse-making as to a mechanical task? is not composition a toil? does he not cudgel his brain for thoughts, and perplex his ear with efforts at metre? He begins with an invocation to Poetry, written in very respectable rhyme, but, evidently weary of the labour imposed by the laws of such metre, he plunges into blank verse, which, as usual, is very inferior to the rhyme. With the structure of that difficult verse he is evidently unacquainted. We note continually that grievous error, incorrectness in the metre. Blank verse is composed of ten syllables in each line; occasionally an Alexandrine is permitted at the close of a paragraph, or when it is desired to give force to some passage; but its use requires the soundest judgment, and it must be obvious to the reader that it was employed designedly, and not by an error of the ear. But the over-syllabled lines in this poem are not strictly Alexandrines; they are the result of carelessness and an incorrect ear, and against them the author should sedulously guard himself in future attempts. Again, he must strive to depart more frequently than he has here done from the dull regions of common-place; he must throw himself upon his own fancy and dare to think for himself, to be original. We are aware it is more easy to describe what is to be done than to do it; but it is the test and evidence of genius that it accomplishes these excellences of its own innate sagacity, without waiting to be taught. We should not deal fairly with our readers if we were to make extracts from a manuscript which assumes to be nothing more than the first flights of a youthful fancy: but the author having modestly asked a candid judgment and entreated advice, we could not decline to give it, and he may assure himself that, however unwelcome, it is the honest counsel of a friend, and we print it because it may be useful to other poetasters.

MUSIC.

The Bride is Away, a Ballad. The Poetry by ROBERT STORY, Esq. The Music by RICHARD LIMPUS, Jun. London: George, Vere-street.

We believe we have already had occasion to notice with approbation the joint productions of these fellow-labourers. They continue to exhibit signs of progress. If the poetry of this one be not quite so good as some of the compositions of Mr. STORY, the music is an advance of its predecessors. It is more artistic in construction. We cannot say that it possesses any very marked originality or any striking beauties, but it is a pretty little, light, easy song, at least equal in merit to the thousands of like songs which every season throws into the market.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of the works of members for full orchestra took place, a few days ago, in the Hanover-square Rooms. Symphonies by G. A. Macfarren and Charles Horsley, and overtures by Rackstraw, Walter C. Macfarren (two new members full of youth and promise, pupils of Sterndale Bennet and George Macfarren), Mitchell, and C. E.

Stephens, were tried by a numerous and efficient band. The society will shortly have a trial of new chamber compositions of the members. Several works are registered.

ART.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

AMONG the remarks made in our last number upon the exhibition of this Society, we regretfully pronounced an opinion—founded on the low character of the works purchased by the prizeholders—that true Art, at least for some time to come, must hope for little from a patronage of this nature; and that the public taste (if we may judge of it by these selections) is so abject, as to be totally unfit, of itself alone, for the exercise of the trust reposed in it. Should a doubt be entertained by any one of the value of this opinion, an inspection of the pictures exhibited by the Society must quickly remove it; and it will then be seen how far from rewarding the highest efforts of the painter and the sculptor (which was the object originally proposed for attainment), the event has proven.

Efficiently to discharge their duty in the disposal of the many thousands of pounds intrusted to their management, the committee of the Art-Union should hold one paramount consideration perpetually in view, and that is, to direct the patronage of the Society to meritorious works. By such means only can the grand purpose of elevating the character of Art and of public taste be accomplished. And they cannot hope for this so long as they pursue the same course as they do at present. It is from the allotment of a very large number of low-class prizes that much of the evil we deprecate has sprung. We have no sympathy for the motive we suspect to have been the root of this measure—one which calculates on enlisting subscribers by holding out to them the gambling lure of a multiplicity of prizes. If support be given to the Society on no worthier principle than this, it were far better entirely withheld, and that the Art-Union should cease to exist.

One obvious result of this system of ten and fifteen pounds prizes, is, that artists of credit, instead of confining their efforts to the production of superior works, as they otherwise would, adapt their talent to the market, and paint entirely *ad captandum*, producing flashy flimsy things, disgraceful to themselves and pernicious to the public. Another effect is, that men who have mistaken their calling are encouraged, by an injudicious support, to persist in the practice of an art for which they are entirely unfit, and where the utmost they can ever attain to is a spiritless mediocrity. The dissemination, moreover, of bad pictures produces the worst of results on the public taste.

We would urge, then, upon the serious consideration of the committee, the desirableness of awarding for the future no lesser sum than twenty pounds for the purchase of a work of art. By abolishing the lesser prizes, the number of the larger ones will, of course, be proportionably increased. Let talent have its just reward. It is folly to expect a work of superior merit for a smaller amount than that we recommend as the minimum; and it is only to such productions that the patronage of the Art-Union should be extended. If this suggestion be acted on, we are confident the laudable intentions of the Society will be more effectually fulfilled than they have hitherto been. We dare venture to predict that their funds will not suffer through its adoption; since, to every sensible person, the print and illustrations—the latter, for reasons given in a former number, we hope to see annually continued—will be esteemed a handsome equivalent for the amount subscribed.

We now come to another important consideration, which is that of the power of selection now exercised by the prizeholders, without responsibility to the committee. The

Exhibition of this year's prizes has conclusively established the fact that some kind of guarantee that the money shall not be disgracefully squandered is imperatively demanded. We well know that this is a difficult and delicate matter to interfere with, that people are naturally jealous of all checks upon what they deem their privileges, and that it is hard, where a veto is placed even in the best of hands, to provide against the occasional exercise of arbitrary power. Yet, after weighing to the best of our capacity the advantages and disadvantages attaching to each condition, and duly considering every objection urged against our proposal, we are of opinion that authority should be vested in the committee to examine into and ratify every purchase, and to forbid, where the selection is bad, the conclusion of an agreement with the artist. There should be no interference with a person's choice as regards *subject*. Let him have history pictures, imaginative compositions, landscapes, still-life, or sculpture, according to his liking; only let his selection of any of these be submitted for the approval of a *committee of taste* (who may be chosen from the committee of management), and the gross misapplication of the funds which now occurs will be prevented. Men of judgment and integrity are to be found, who, looking only to the real interest of Art (with which in the end that of the subscribers is identified), will exercise the trust which shall be reposed in them impartially. Were this the case, though fewer works would be purchased on the new than the old system, it would be far better for the prizeholder, and eventually for the artist, than it now is. The one would be stimulated to produce, and the other obliged to purchase, works of genuine merit, and the professed object of the Society by this means be secured.

We conclude by strongly urging upon the committee a deliberate consideration of these propositions. We have penned them in a friendly spirit, avoiding all strictures upon the constitution of the Society, and with a sincere desire that the Art-Union of London should become that efficient and valuable instrument for the advancement of the Fine Arts, and the diffusion of an improved taste among the people, which we have always stated, both here and elsewhere, our belief that it might be rendered.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

MINIATURE PAINTING.—A number of professors and admirers of this art dined together on the 2nd inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the occasion of presenting a piece of plate to A. Robertson, esq. on his retiring from the profession, as a testimony of their high estimation of his talents as an artist, and respect for him as a man. Among those present were the following Royal Academicians:—W. Mulready, esq. A. E. Chalon, esq. R. Cook, esq. H. W. Pickersgill, esq. C. R. Leslie, esq. C. R. Cockerell, esq. J. Chalon, esq. Sir W. C. Ross, &c. The testimonial presented was a massive silver salver, on which was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to Andrew Robertson, esq. miniature painter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by the undersigned members of that branch of the profession of which he has so long been a distinguished ornament, as a tribute of respect for his talents as an artist and esteem for his character as a man:—Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., Sir George Hayter, M.A.S.L., Sir W. J. Newton, A. E. Chalons, R.A., Mrs. Jas. Robertson, M.I.A., S.P., Samuel Lover, R.H.A., Robert Thorburn, Thomas Carrick, F. Cruikshank, C. Couzens, W. Watson, W. Booth."

THE DRAMA.

THE winter season has commenced at all the theatres, whose managers are vying with one another for public favour. We preserve a brief record of the doings of each, reserving formal criticism for such as may hereafter invite it. These remarks are intended as narrative only.

DRURY LANE

Has been dedicated by Mr. BUNN to opera and ballet. In the former, his company is not yet so strong as he promises it shall

be, nor has he yet attempted any novelty. *The Bohemian Girl* and *Cinderella* have taken it in turn to be applauded, although the latter dragged heavily over the boards. The chief attraction has been the revival of the ballet of the *Corsair*, which, among many merits, has two faults: it is too long and too crowded. The story is taken from Lord Byron's poem, but of course miserably travestied. This, however, matters not, as the purpose of the ballet is altogether foreign to its name or plot. Its charm lies in the introduction of some popular *danseuse*, and Mr. BUNN has been fortunate enough to engage Adèle Dumlatre, who is winning as much admiration by her *Gulnare* as formerly by her *Aurora*; and on the boards of Drury Lane she is certainly seen to greater advantage than in the larger opera house. It may be that she has refined her style and gained power since last we saw her; certain it is, that the audience seemed to be of one mind as to the excellence of her dancing, whose characteristic is an elegance and an aerial lightness that will one day place her at the summit of her art. She was well seconded by Desplaces, Clara Webster, and Montesson. Miss Deley, who made a sort of sensation in 1839, has reappeared in *Cinderella*, but she does not exhibit the improvement that was anticipated by her more sanguine admirers. Her manner is very pretty and pleasing, and that aids in concealing or excusing the defects of her music.

THE HAYMARKET

Has been reopened by WEBSTER, after a very short holiday, with almost the same company as before. He perseveres in his generous resolve to adhere as much as possible to the legitimate drama, now wholly driven from the stage that calls itself national. But we think he might make a more judicious choice than among the comedies of Vanburgh and his school. The *Confederacy* is not suited to modern tastes and habits, nor can we quite appreciate its passages of wit. Such success as it has achieved, it owes to the strong cast of the characters; but that strength might, we think, have been more advantageously employed elsewhere. Still we prefer, a thousand fold, such a comedy, so represented, to the un-English opera and ballet just now so in fashion with unfashionable people. Mr. WEBSTER is entitled to the thanks and support of all lovers of the English drama for daring to make the brave stand he has taken. The company have to regret the loss of Mrs. Nisbett, although all will rejoice at the happy cause of it; but Farren is again among them in apparent health, which may he long enjoy! The interior of the house has been redecorated, and a new drop-scene by Marshall introduced.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

In its adornments the most elegant of all the London theatres, has been decorated afresh during its short recess. Still under the liberal and judicious, and therefore prosperous, management of Mr. MADDOX, it re-opens with promises of a season still more brilliant and attractive than was the last. Very nearly the same company as before has been assembled, and the same class of performances is to be produced. Opera, vaudeville, and ballets will continue to delight audiences equally crowded, all of them very respectably brought out and no cost spared in the getting up. The season opened with the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the music of the original being preserved, but the words being rendered into English. In this opera there has been introduced to us Madlle. Dolores Naw, who has obtained a high reputation in France, although she quitted our shores some years ago after a trial and a failure. But she worked hard during the interval, and the result was seen in a triumphant *début* in the scene of her former failure. She has great powers and mastery of voice, and is a thorough musician, but wanting in feeling, and her acting is but indifferent. She was warmly welcomed, and will be an attraction. A Mr. Hime has also made his appearance on this stage. His tenor is pleasing, but he has much to learn before he can hold a high place in vocal art. Besides these, two novelties were introduced in the *Slave Market*, in the persons of Madlles. Caroline Rousset and Toresine, two French dancers, whose manner was much more singular than pleasing. Their Polka, however, was well performed, and drew down shouts of applause. One of them is a very pretty girl, and that compensates for many defects. A new and lively

farce, called *Taking the Pledge*, concluded the amusements of the evening with hearty peals of laughter.

A new three-act piece from the French, adapted by the skilful hands of Mr. MARK LEMON and Mr. G. A'BECKETT, has since been brought out under the title of *Don Cesar de Bazan*, and found completely successful. It had the further merit of re-introducing to a London audience an old favourite, Mr. WALLACK, who sustained the part of *Don Cesar* with spirit and effect. We were delighted to see him so enthusiastically received, for it proves that his worth is still appreciated; and we congratulate the management of the Princess's upon this attractive addition to their dramatic corps. The piece was, as usual in this theatre, put upon the stage with lavish liberality in scenery and decorations. The shouts of approval at the fall of the curtain mark it for a long run of popular favour.

THE ADELPHI

Has come out in extraordinary strength, and with many attractions. Its interior has been decorated with great taste, and a new curtain and drop-scene give an air of freshness to the place which is quite cheerful. Female government being, or being supposed to be, as successful upon the stage as in real life, Madame CELESTE has been placed at the head of this establishment, and she has gathered round her all the names familiar to the play-going public as associated with the Adelphi. On the first night the house was crowded almost as soon as the doors were opened, and on the rising of the curtain Mrs. Yates advanced, amid a roar of applause, and spoke the following address, written, it is said, by Mr. A'Beckett:—

"The drama's new campaign begins to-night,
All are in arms, and eager for the fight;
But do not take alarm at what I say,
The war we mean to wage will be in play;
And in our efforts we shall never cease
To bring about a most successful piece.
Yes, we shall deem the battle bravely won,
If we can fairly get it with a run;
We will not bluster, lest, like other folk,
We find our vapouring all end in smoke.
Though few the forces that our troops combine,
You'll find we've got some veterans of the line;
Though but a single company we form,
We mean to try and take the town by storm.
We real don't intend to stick at trifles,
But call ourselves the pocket rifles.
If eulogising thus I longer stand,
You'll think I blow the trumpet for the band—
The band!—that word reminds me, by the way,
That of our leader I a word should say;
Our leader is a lady—very true—
A lady manager is nothing new;
For if she is not always one in name,
She is in fact, and so it's all the same.
Besides, who'd call the male the worthier sex?—
Is not *Regina* quite as good as *Rex*?
If by the greatest we could test the small—
If what is true of one is true of all—
The feminine ought always to be first,
And Lindley Murray's judgment be reversed.
After that logic, it must be confess'd,
I've prov'd that lady managers are best;
At least that so in theory the fact is—
I trust you'll find it carried out in practice!
Our dramas, ere I go, I ought to mention,
We should prefer them all of home invention:
But if our manufacturers are prone
To work upon material not their own,
We might be left without if we declined it;
We can but take the market as we find it.
At all events, we ask your approbation
Of our new manager—she's a translation;
But, then, the kindness to her you have shewn
Has made her feel the English stage her own.
In foreign accents though she plays each part,
She's ceased to be an alien at heart.
If you approve the post in which she stands,
Ratify the appointment with your hands!"

The national anthem followed, and then the audience were introduced to a new drama, entitled *Mother and Son*, a little bit of pathos borrowed from the French, and selected because it offers a wide field for Celeste's peculiar powers, and she played it charmingly. Other pieces completed the entertain-

ments of the evening, and the Adelphi evidently is resolved to maintain the popularity it has enjoyed so long.

THE LYCEUM.

Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY continue their prosperous management of this establishment. The success of two pieces has filled the benches for weeks without any other attraction; one, a version of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, is famous for the personations of Mrs. Gamp by Mr., and *Bailey Junior* by Mrs., Keeley, both of them inimitable performances. In other respects the play is ill-constructed, a hasty vamping by one who wanted taste to select and ingenuity to combine. The other is a clever extravaganza, *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, by Mr. A'Beckett—a piece which combines all kinds of attractions—splendid spectacle, good acting, respectable singing, and numberless clever hits at the passing events and follies of the day. Both of these pieces should be seen once; Mrs. Gamp is scarcely realized until she is seen personified by Keeley. He almost improves the original of the novelist—and what higher praise can be bestowed upon him?

SADLER'S WELLS.

Strange to say, the legitimate drama has found a refuge in Islington. Nay, not a refuge merely, but a cordial welcome, and night after night it gathers delighted audiences to enjoy the intellectual treat of good plays well acted. This miracle, for such it is, has been effected by PHELPS and Mrs. WARNER. Of Phelps we have always entertained the very highest opinion. He has more real genius in him than any actor of our time, and it is now making itself manifest. He was kept down by the overbearing power of Macready; but not disadvantageously, for all the while he was gathering strength and acquiring a mastery of his high art, the fruits of which are now ripening. A small theatre is the true test of an actor's genius. Tricks won't do there; all must be genuine, and therefore it is that really great actors are always greatest and the most enjoyable where they are the centre upon which eye and ear are absorbed, unattracted by aught about them. It gives us pleasure to see our favourite not only asserting his genius, but finding it acknowledged, and while we tender him every good wish, we venture to entreat him to continue to study, as he has hitherto done, and to be content with nothing less than the station that is certainly within his reach. The last play produced at this theatre is *King John*, and it has been brought out with a magnificence that would have done no discredit to Drury Lane. Phelps's personation of the monarch is extremely fine, but he must beware lest he unconsciously act Macready's instead of his own conception of the character. Mrs. Warner's *Constance* is magnificent. Her passion of grief is terrible, and nothing so real has been seen upon the stage for many a long day. The other parts were all respectably filled, and that is as much as can be required. Two first-rate actors are enough to satisfy the most greedy audience. It is scarcely necessary to add an earnest recommendation to all lovers of the drama to enjoy the treat of a visit to Sadler's Wells. It is ample reward for a ride of any distance; we trust, however, that it being now proved not only that there is genius to embody the British drama but an audience to appreciate it, they to whom belongs the merit of having elicited the talent and the good taste that were declared to be departed, will remove to some theatre more central, but not much larger, where they may hope not in vain nightly to gather round them the intellect of this metropolis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

8, New Burlington-street, October 8, 1844.

SIR,—Mr. BENTLEY desires me to call your attention to the review of a work entitled *High Life in New York*, by JONATHAN SLICK, which appeared in THE CRITIC of October 1st, and to say that he is empowered to disprove the assertion that this work was written by the author of the *Clockmaker*, or *Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*. As this remark has a tendency to disparage the author of the *Clockmaker*, Mr.

BENTLEY would be glad to see it contradicted in your next number.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,
J. T. MARSH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—A review in your last number of *The Odes of Horace literally translated into English Verse*, by H. G. ROBINSON, particularly caught my notice, and has emulated me to make a few remarks on the subject of translation, and to forward a short specimen, which you may deem worthy your notice and publication.

Your remarks in that review struck me as being particularly just and appropriate.

In no province of our literature have so many attempts (and frequently unsuccessful ones) been made as in the department of translation. As you observed, men of first-rate genius will not condescend to the rendering of the ideas and words of others into their own language, however happy they might be in their efforts, but seek the higher meed of praise for the productions of their own superior talents. I do not by any means consider Mr. ROBINSON'S translation, from the specimen quoted by you, a failure; but must observe that while it renders almost word for word the meaning of the Sabine bard, and its flow of metre is smooth and somewhat graceful, it lacks force and vigour, and fails to convey to the classical reader the *curiosa felicitas*, the happy choice of diction, and the "graceful negligence," which are the charms of Horace's lyric songs. It may seem somewhat confident and presumptuous after these strictures upon the attempts of another, to offer to your readers the following translation of the same ode:—

TRANSLATION OF THE 9TH ODE OF FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

"Vides at alta stet nive candidum," &c.

Behold Soracte's soaring height,
Bright gleaming with its crown of snow;
The forest bends beneath the weight,
And frozen rivers cease to flow.

Come, heap the faggots on the hearth,
Let's drive the chilling frosts afar,
Bring forth that wine inspiring mirth,
Just four years old in Sabine jar.

Let the great gods all else decide,
And hush the elements' wild crash;
And bid the raging winds subside,
Nor rend the old cypress or the ash.

Heed not to-morrow or its doom,
Be thankful to have gained to-day;
Far off be age's surly gloom,
Be happy, Thaliarch, while you may!

Let the gay Campus still invite
Thy youth to every martial sport;
Let whispers at the hour of night
Recall thee to thy fond resort.

Snatch ring and bracelet from each maid;
Perhaps she may pretend to pout;
Sly girl! she'll hide, and, self-betray'd,
Will sweetly laugh to be found out.

It is *not*, I am fully aware, as literal or scholarlike as Mr. ROBINSON'S; but I am inclined to suppose that there is a more appropriate strain of light gaiety and festivity pervading it, which may approach somewhat nearer to the spirit of the original.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.
OXONIENSIS.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

TRANSLATION OF THE 47th SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH

A blessing on the year, the month, the day,
The season, time, the hour, the moment fleetest,
The lovely scenery and the spot the sweetest;
There first her blue eyes shed their magic sway,
A blessing on my painful first essay
In the career of love, as may be meetest,
The shaft which stung with agony the greatest,
And all the fires which on my bosom prey.

A blessing on the measures of my lyre,
So oft responsive to my Laura's name;
My sighs, my tears, my languishing desire,
And all my heart strings glowing with her fame,
A blessing on them, and may blessings beam
On her, the idol of my ceaseless dream.

FREELOVE HAMMOND.

THE VOICE OF SONG.

The voice of song! my solace erst
Amidst some many lonely hours,
All hush'd it is—the spell is burst,
And withered are the flowers
Which seemed to weave sweet coronals
To hide these grief-worn lines
Upon my brow; its echo falls
Alone upon the ruined walls,
Where love no longer shines,
With bended brow and glance so arch,
To watch where he might point a shaft;
On him Old Time hath stol'n a march,
Despite the archer's craft.

Look forward, then, on life's career,
Nor cast thy lingering glances back;
Alas! no sunny hopes appear,
It is a barren waste, and drear,
A solitary track.
And over it the wintry blast
Comes with most melancholy sound,
As a lament for lov'd one passed,
Who smile no more around.
These wailings strike the very heart
With inklings of despair;
And as the fleeting years depart
Shades darker gather there.

There are who love not these sad themes,
Of hopes and pleasures vanishing,
Songs made of sighs and tears—but streams
Will take their colouring
From cloud or sunshine; and the storm
Will ruffle calmest lake;
The lordly oak must bend his form,
When hurricanes awake;
The mountain stream must coldly run
Through hollow glen and deep ravine,
O'ershadowed by dark firs—no sun
E'er flings his joyous sheen
On its dark waters; withered leaves
Dance round it like a phantom throng;
To every sigh the night wind heaves
Those darksome haunts among.
No gaudy fly on burnished wing
Will flutter where comes no sunbeam;
No merry bird is heard to sing
Beside such lonely stream.

But where the silver rivers wind
Through laughing vale or open len,
Gay flowers upon their banks you find,
And pleasant scenery
Around; the golden sunlight tips
The tiny waves which curl along,
Like merry infants' pouting lips,
Whilst lisping forth their song;
When song-birds warble in the skies,
And chant rich music, midst tall tress;
When brightest flowers greet the eye,
And scent the passing breeze;
When maidens list, with blushing cheeks
While shepherds pipe their songs of love,
On mossy banks as twilight streaks
The studded arch above;
I trow that heart is sad indeed,
Or wrapt in selfishness alone,
Ekes out its own distempered meed,
Which feels no kindred tone.

The tinted bow of heaven will spring
From sunbeams midst the passing shower;
And hope, on her celestial wing,
Will cheer our mortal wandering,
E'en in the darkest hour.

LEGULRIUS.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

COTTON GROWN IN CHESHIRE.—On Wednesday last a fine specimen of Sea Island cotton was exhibited in the Exchange news-room. It was grown by Mr. Maury, at his residence, in Liscard, and the specimen exhibited consisted of two bolls—one open, exhibiting beautiful cotton; the other closed. Mr. Maury, we believe, will be glad to shew the cotton tree to any gentleman calling. It is kept in a temperature of about 80. —*Liverpool Times*, Oct. 8.

STRANGE CUSTOM.—By virtue of a very old custom in Belgium, particularly in Brussels, the reigning sovereign of this country becomes godfather to the seventh consecutive son of any family, however humble their situation may be. The other night, the wife of an honest mechanic residing at No. 17, Rue de la Betterave, gave birth to her seventh son, who will accordingly have the honour of becoming the godson of his Majesty the King of the Belgians. —*Brussels paper*.

The proposed sale of Voltaire's château of Ferney seems to have given a fresh stimulus to the curiosity of tourists—as if under the apprehension that a new proprietor may obliterate the traces of the philosopher, or shut them up from the public. Visitors of all nations, it is said, throng the gates within which the εἰδωλον of the literary autocrat yet holds levees, by the benevolence of the possessor.

THE COMET.—The present comet has approached within 30,000,000 miles, distance from the earth. It is now very slowly receding from us. The comet was at its least distance from the sun on the evening of September 1st. The most favourable time for observing this comet will be from 10 p.m. to two hours after midnight, during the first half of the month of October.

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VERBS.—A teacher, one day endeavouring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said—"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied—"Well, I don't know, without he screamed."

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE tide of cheap publications not only continues to flow, but increases in magnitude every week, bringing forth new announcements of serials each of lower price than its predecessors. Mr. KNIGHT had scarcely issued his shilling weekly volume, when out came a series of English classics, very prettily got up at sixpence per volume. And now Messrs. CHAMBERS have announced a *Library of Tracts*, which are to vary from a farthing to twopence, and the contents of an old-fashioned volume are to be supplied at the latter price. They who have been behind the scenes and know the cost of getting up a single sheet of closely-printed matter, and consequently the enormous sale that would be needed to repay the expenses, leaving profit out of the question, are amazed where the buyers are to be found. If there be a real demand for the supply which has come in an inundation, how fearful must have been the previous deficiency of intellectual food; how many millions must have thirsted for knowledge and been unable to obtain it. But we suspect that publishers have not escaped the speculative mania of the moment, and that the greater number of their schemes will result in serious loss to the projectors.

Meanwhile their effect upon the interests of literature is very noxious. The multitude of cheap works, which are either reprints or compilations, and cost nothing more than print and paper, either so engross book buyers that they have no time to read new books, or because they can buy these republications for a few pence they will not pay the wonted price for the productions of living authors, forgetful that the latter are saddled with the costs of copyrights. Hence it is that so few of all the new works remunerate the publisher, and our literature has become periodical. Nor do we see any hope of amendment, and the only question for author and bookseller is, if it would not be possible to beat the cheap old books, by offering new ones on the

same, or nearly equal terms? We should at least like to see the experiment tried, whether there would not be obtained for a good original work, published at a "cheap book" price, a sufficient sale to yield a satisfactory reward to the author and his publisher. It is well known in the trade that the book clubs and circulating libraries alone support the literature of this country; the private sale of the best books is but trifling; but even this resource is failing; many persons have withdrawn from their book clubs, and employed their subscriptions in the purchase of the library of cheap books, which can now be bought for the sum formerly paid for the mere reading of them. We should like much to hear from some of the many intelligent and experienced booksellers who have adopted *THE CRITIC* as their organ, what has been the practical effect of the cheap book system; whether it has upon the whole increased or diminished the total sum annually expended by the community in books; what classes have chiefly availed themselves of the enlarged facilities for reading, and who are the buyers of the cheap books,—the gentry, the middle, or the labouring classes; these and other particulars, which will suggest themselves to an intelligent man who thinks of the subject, would be extremely interesting and valuable, and we are confident that the readers of *THE CRITIC* would join us in thanks to any one who will thus assist the investigations we have suggested.

A ROYAL ALBUM.—The album which King Louis Philippe proposed to offer to Queen Victoria, in commemoration of her visit to the Château d'Eu is finished; and his Majesty carries it over with him to be presented at Windsor. It is of unusually large size, being 32 inches by 24, and proportionally thick. It contains 32 drawings by the first French artists, representing the different apartments of the Château d'Eu, and scenes and events connected with her Britannic Majesty's visit. To prevent friction, the drawings are let in, and, as it were, framed by thick sheets of Bristol paper. It is splendidly bound in scarlet Morocco, by Gignin, bearing the arms of England, within a rich border of the most delicate tooling. The case or box, in which it is enclosed, is covered with rich purple velvet, on which is also impressed the Queen's arms. —*Galignani's Messenger*.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

From September 28 to October 12.

NEW WORKS.

Gurwood's Despatches of the Duke of Wellington. Vols. I. II. and III.
Life and Times of Louis Philippe; by the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT.
The Sacred History of Man, with other Poems; by the Rev. ALFRED SPALDING, B.A.
Rides in the Pyrenees; in 2 vols. by Miss BUNBURY.
Lectures on Painting and Design; by B. R. HAYDON, Historical Painter.
Poems; in two vols. by ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.
Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse; in 2 vols. by DAVID LISTER RICHARDSON.
St. Lucia; by R. H. BREEN, Esq.
Tom Burke of "Ours"; in 2 vols.
The Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell; by THOMAS HAWKINS. Illustrated by JOHN MARTIN.
Report of the Select Committee of the Royal Institute of British Architects, on Dilapidations.

NEW EDITIONS.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; in 3 vols.
The University System of Education.

SERIALS.

Knight's Weekly Volumes:—Vols. X. and XIV. FAIRFAX'S Translation of TASSO'S *Jerusalem Delivered*. Vols. VI. IX. and XIII. *The Chinese*; by JOHN F. DAVIS. Vol. XI. *Bird Architecture*; by JAMES RENNIE. *Chronicles of the Bastille*; Part X.

PERIODICALS.

The Church of England Quarterly Review for October.
The Presbyterian Review and Religious Journal for October.
The Dublin University Magazine for October.
The Polytechnic Review and Magazine for October.
The Alist, Nos. 1 and 2.

WORKS OF ART—MUSIC.

The Bride is away; a ballad. Words by STORY; music by R. LIMPUS, jun.